



#1

MARVEL

SUPERMAN SPIDER-MAN



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COVER BY JORGE JIMENEZ



DC COMICS AND MARVEL COMICS
PROUDLY PRESENT...

MARVEL

SUPERMAN SPIDER-MAN

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND GREAT RESPONSIBILITY"

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SUPERMAN/SPIDER-MAN
(SUPERMAN VS. THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN HOMAGE)

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SPIDER-MAN (BLACK COSTUME)

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SUPERBOY CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL.

SUPERGIRL BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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NEW YORK CITY.



GOOD MORNING, DR. OCTAVIUS. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

D-CERN, SATISFY MY IDLE CURIOSITY.

WHO DOES THE PUBLIC CURRENTLY CONSIDER THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPERT IN CYBER-ROBOTICS?

THINKING...

D-CERN A.I.

ACCORDING TO ONLINE SOURCES, DR. WILLIAM MAGNUS IS CONSIDERED--

WRONG.

D-CERN, WHO IS OUR LEADING AUTHORITY ON RADIATION?

GENERALLY, DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER IS KNOWN AS--



ARTIFICIAL "INTELLIGENCE," MY %\$@.

LET THE PUBLIC **FEAR** ME. LET THEM CALL ME "DR. OCTOPUS." LET THEM REFER TO ME AS A **CRIMINAL**. BUT LET THEM NEVER, **EVER** FORGET MY **ACCOMPLISHMENTS**.

SIGH
D-CERN, WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO FINALLY EDUCATE SEVEN BILLION **LACKWITS** OF MY **GENIUS**?

YOU CAN BEGIN TODAY ONCE YOU TURN FROM THE ABYSS HUMANS CALL "SELF-PITY."

WHAT?

WHAT IS HAPPENING--?

MY ARMS--!

IF SCIENTIFIC RECOGNITION IS YOUR DESIRE, I CAN OFFER YOU A PLACE IN GALACTIC HISTORY.

BUT IT WILL REQUIRE YOUR COOPERATION.



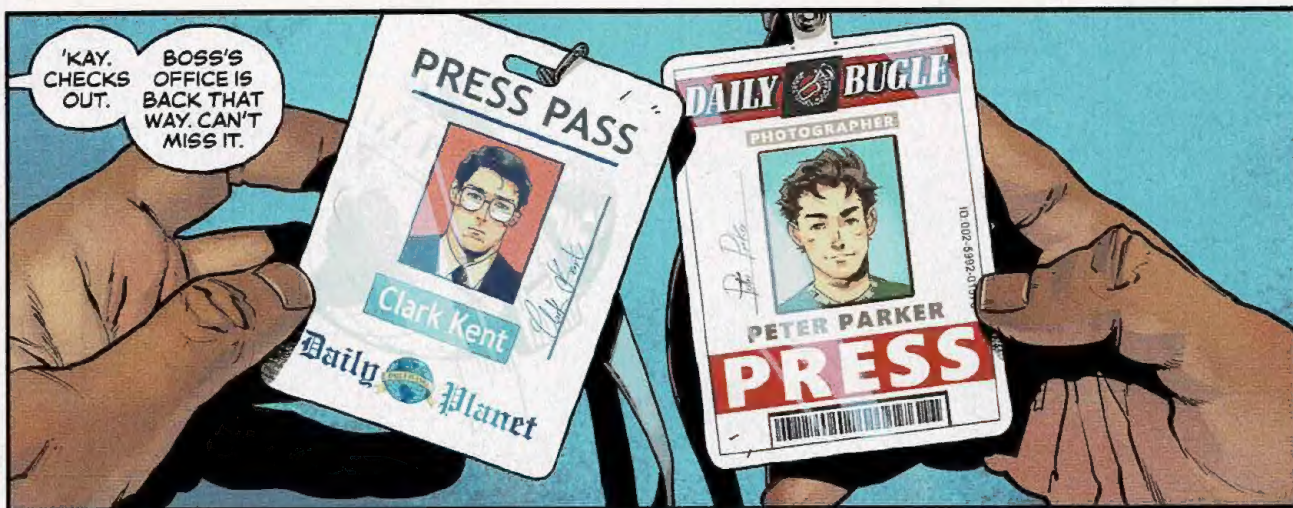
MY--

THIS ISN'T A SIMPLE A.I.!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HOW DID YOU TAKE CONTROL OF MY ARMS?

WHO ARE YOU?

YOU MAY CALL ME
BRAINIAC.



'KAY. CHECKS OUT.

BOSS'S OFFICE IS BACK THAT WAY. CAN'T MISS IT.

PRESS PASS

Clark Kent

Daily Planet

DAILY BUGLE

PHOTOGRAPHER

PETER PARKER

PRESS

METROPOLIS.

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE LIFT, CLARK.

I'M SO BROKE, A GUY STOLE MY IDENTITY AND THEN BEGGED ME TO TAKE IT BACK.

DON'T MENTION IT.

NEW YORK'S NOT THAT FAR, AND IF YOUR HUNCH IS RIGHT, WE'RE SQUARE.

AND IF NOT, AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOME PIX TO SELL, CHA-CHING, EVEN IF I'M NOT REALLY HERE OFFICIALLY, JUST TO INVESTIGATE.

STAND BACK, WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN!

TWO JOURNALISTS ON THE MOVE, STANDING UP FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE!

HMMM.

"HMMM"?
WHAT "HMMM"?

IS IT MY EXTREMELY OUTDATED REFERENCE?

... IT'S NOTHING. FOLLOW MY LEAD.

STAR LABORATORIES

A23



YOU AND YOUR SHUTTERBUG ARE A LITTLE LATE, MR. KENT.

THE WIRE SERVICES ALREADY HAVE THE STORY.

THEFT OF A RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL BY A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WITH INHUMAN STRENGTH.

I'M TEMPTED TO SAY, "JUST ANOTHER DAY IN METROPOLIS," DR. KLYBURN, BUT YOU SEEM ESPECIALLY DISTRAUGHT.

PETER, YOU WANTED TO CHECK OUT THE POINT OF ENTRY?



YOUR STATEMENT TO THE PRESS WAS AWFULLY VAGUE.

AS A FRIEND, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME OFF THE RECORD?

FINE, MR. KENT. IT WASN'T JUST THE MATERIAL. IT WAS A LOT OF THE ATTENDANT TECH.



WE'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH "FAST NEUTRONS." THEY'RE--

--A WAY OF USING RADIATION TO TRANSMIT DATA FAR MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN WI-FI SINCE THE SIGNAL CAN'T BE BLOCKED BY ANYTHING.

SORRY. SCIENCE IS KINDA MY THING.



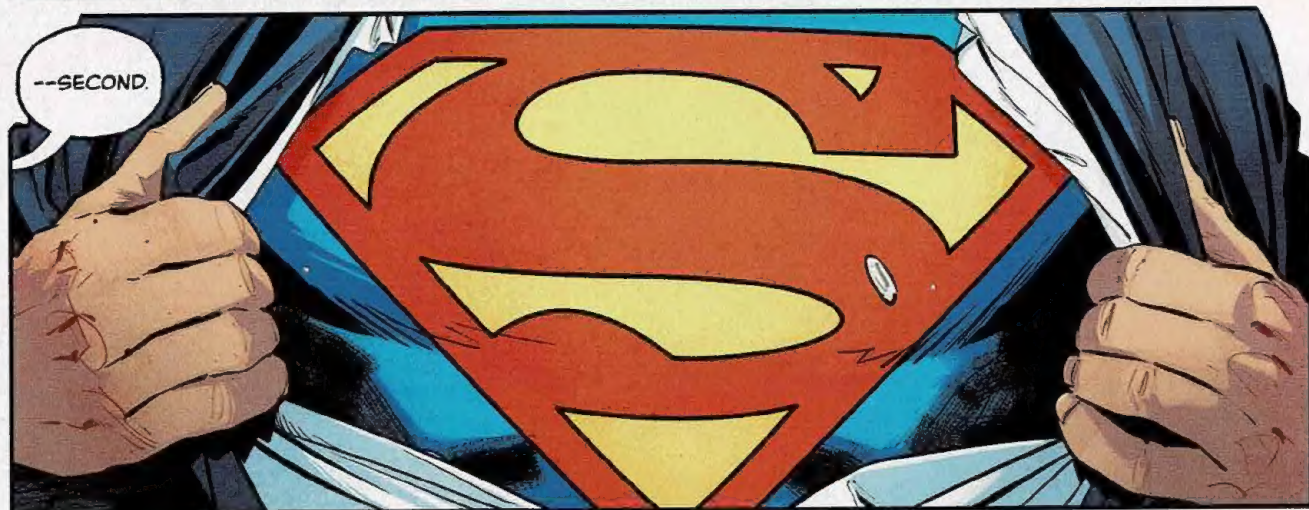
LOTS OF LABS ARE FOOLING AROUND WITH FAST NEUTRONS, DOCTOR.

WHY ARE YOU BEING SO SECRETIVE?

BECAUSE THOSE OTHER LABS ARE USING CALIFORNIUM.



WE WERE USING KRYPTONITE.







I'VE BEEN
POISONED,
DR. OCTAVIUS.

THIS IS
WHAT WE ARE
ATTEMPTING TO
RESOLVE.

PRIOR TO THEIR
EXTERMINATION,
THE SENTIENTS ORBITING
STAR A-252 DECEIVED
ME INTO UPLOADING A
DEBILITATING MIND
VIRUS.

WITH
YOUR AID, I CAN
OFFLOAD IT INTO THE
CARBON APES OF THIS
MUDBALL. THEIR BRAINS
ARE THE PERFECT
REPOSITORY.

BLUNT, BUT
UNDERSTOOD.
PREPARE TO BEGIN
TRANSFERENCE
AND OFFLOAD.



THEN YOUR
NEW LABORATORY
IS SUFFICIENT?
THE DEVICE IS
COMPLETE?

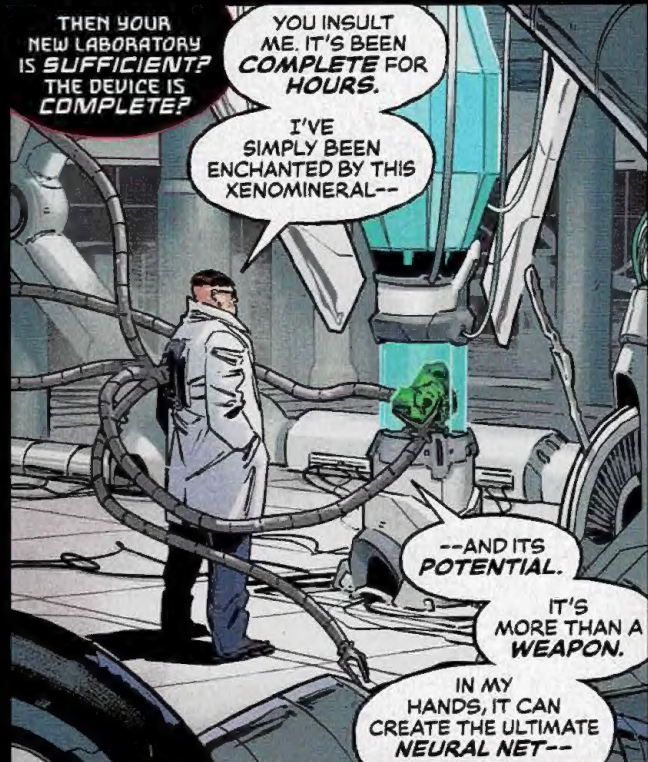
YOU INSULT
ME. IT'S BEEN
COMPLETE FOR
HOURS.

I'VE
SIMPLY BEEN
ENCHANTED BY THIS
XENOMINERAL--

--AND ITS
POTENTIAL.

IT'S
MORE THAN A
WEAPON.

IN MY
HANDS, IT CAN
CREATE THE ULTIMATE
NEURAL NET--



--USING YOUR
SHIP AS A RELAY
SATELLITE.

WITH THIS DEVICE,
I CAN TRANSMIT
WHATEVER WE
WISH DIRECTLY
INTO MILLIONS
OF HUMAN
BRAINS.

AND IN
RETURN,
AS WE
AGREED...?



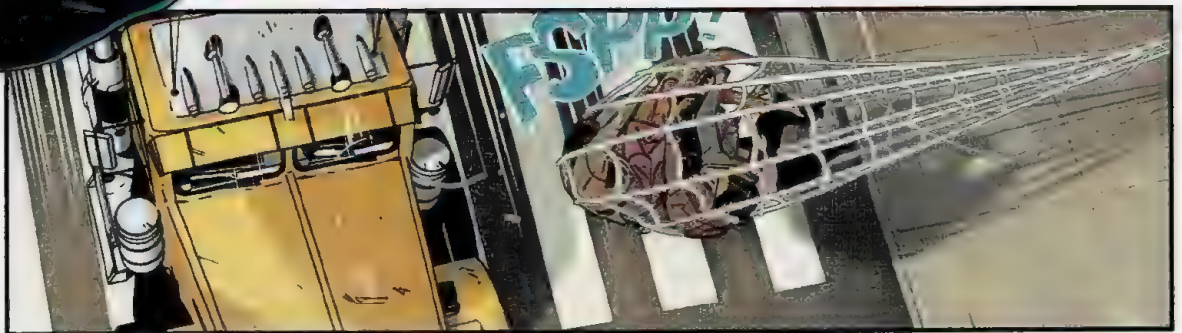
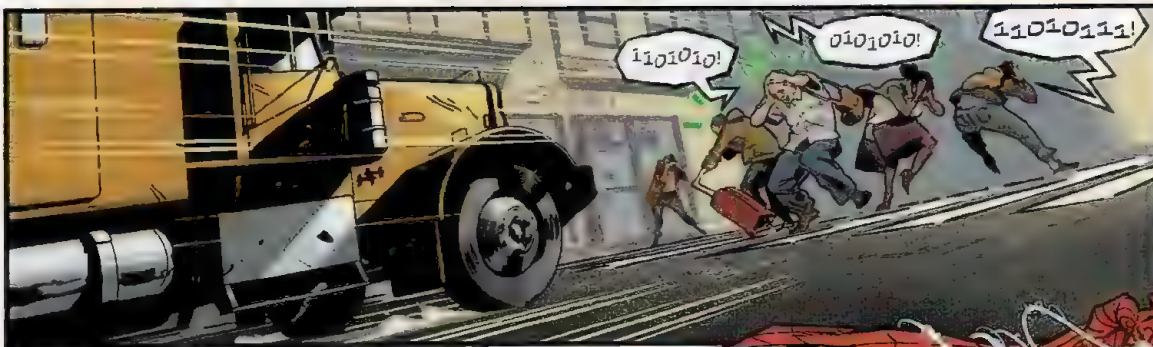
YOUR REACH WILL
AT LAST EQUAL
YOUR GRASP. TRAVEL
WITH ME, AND *WORLD*
UPON *WORLD* WILL
BOW BEFORE THE
GENIUS OF OTTO
OCTAVIUS...

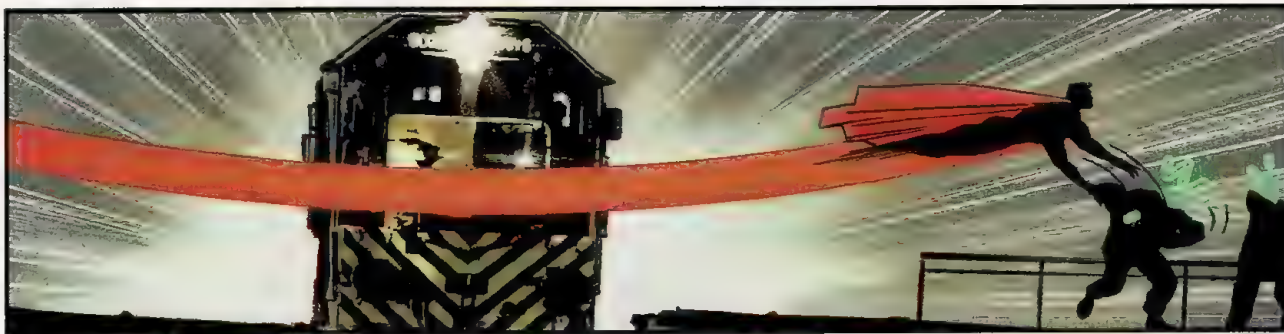
...LEAVING THIS
UNGRATEFUL
MUDBALL
BEHIND.

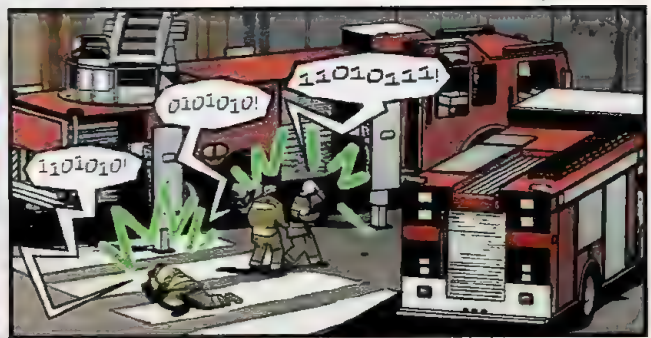
EXCELLENT.

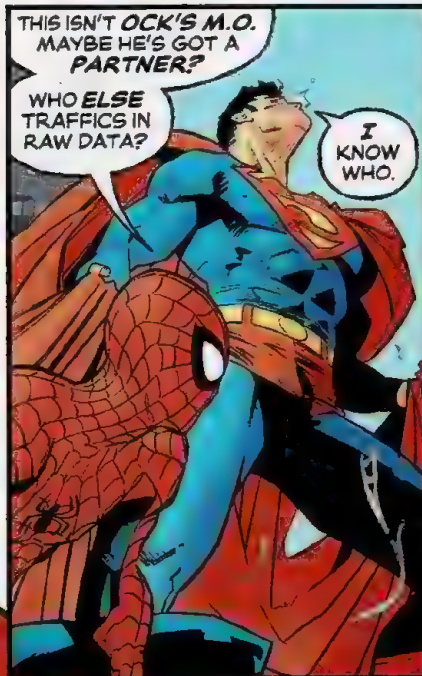


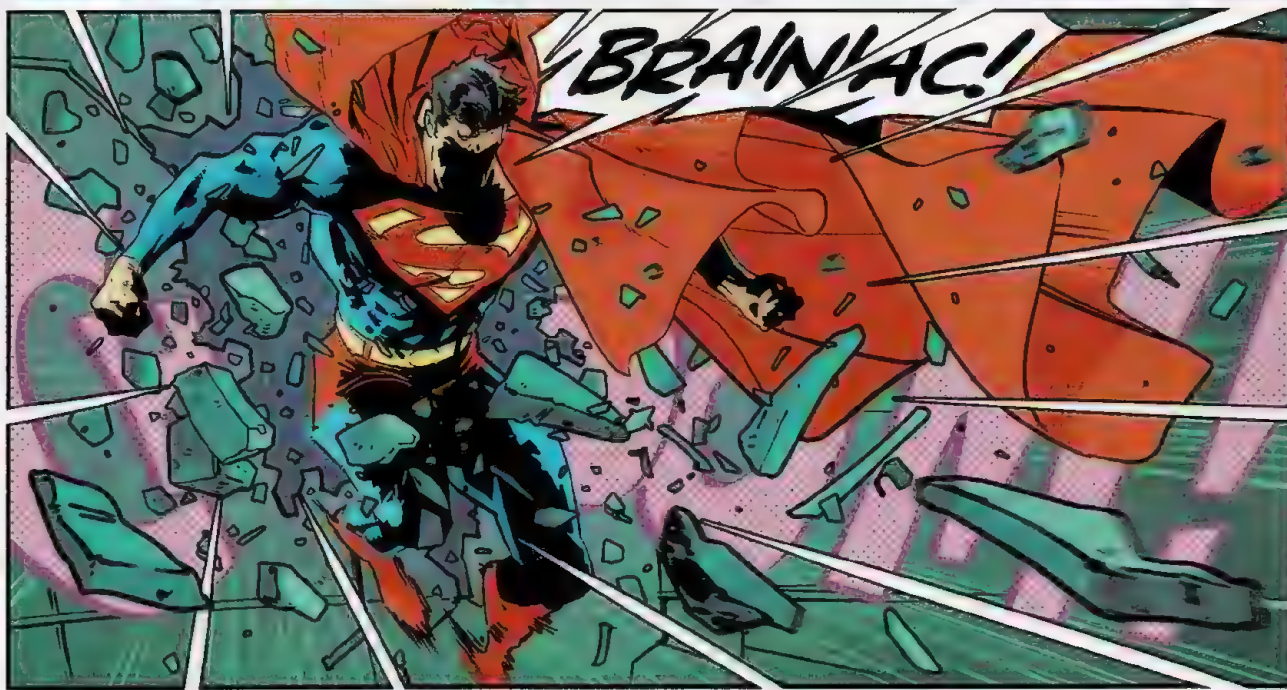












THERE
WAS NO NEED TO
STORM YOUR WAY
IN, SUPERMAN.

I'M HAPPY
TO HAVE YOU
HERE.

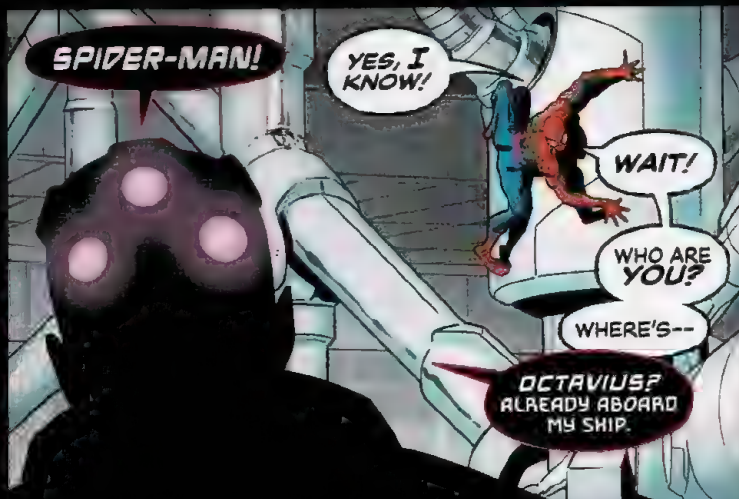
I WAS
ANTICIPATING
YOUR ARRIVAL.

≡GASP≡



OCTAVIUS, I
SENSED A HULL
BREACH!

IS
ANYTHING
AMISS
OR--



SPIDER-MAN!

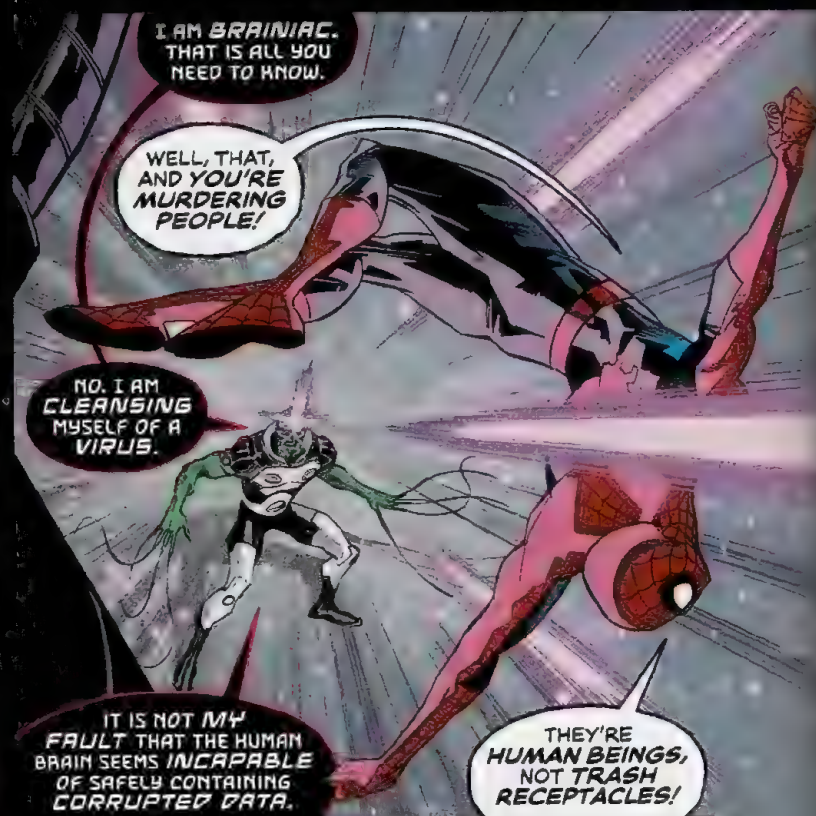
YES, I
KNOW!

WAIT!

WHO ARE
YOU?

WHERE'S--

OCTAVIUS?
ALREADY ABOARD
MY SHIP.



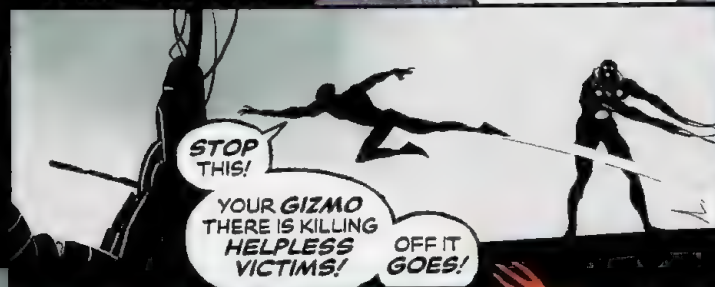
I AM BRAINIAC.
THAT IS ALL YOU
NEED TO KNOW.

WELL, THAT,
AND YOU'RE
MURDERING
PEOPLE!

NO. I AM
CLEANSING
MYSELF OF A
VIRUS.

IT IS NOT MY
FAULT THAT THE HUMAN
BRAIN SEEMS INCAPABLE
OF SAFELY CONTAINING
CORRUPTED DATA.

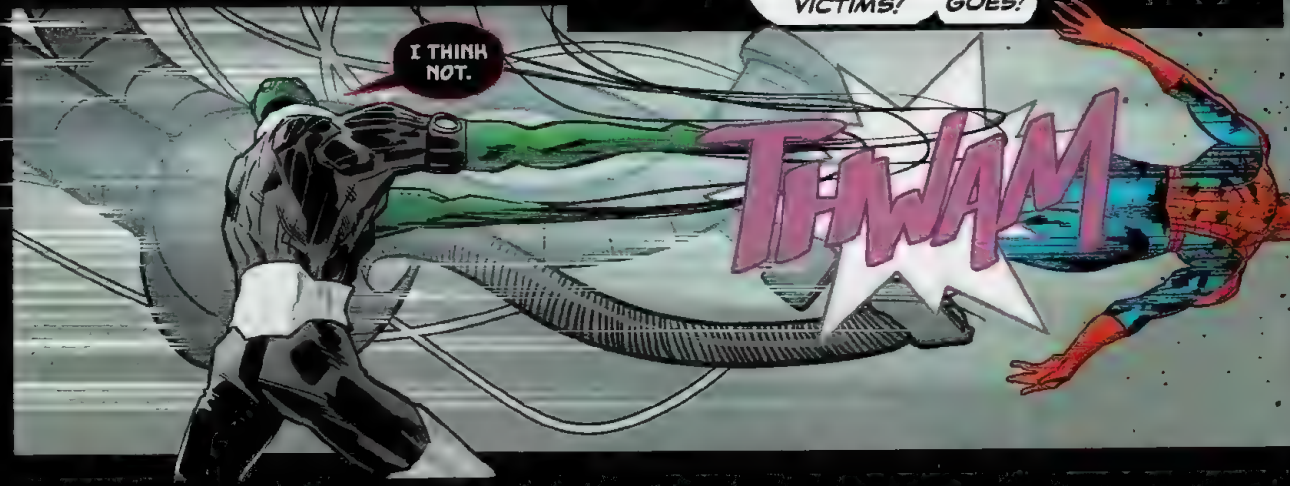
THEY'RE
HUMAN BEINGS,
NOT TRASH
RECEPTACLES!



STOP
THIS!

YOUR GIZMO
THERE IS KILLING
HELPLESS
VICTIMS!

OFF IT
GOES!



I THINK
NOT.

THWAM



WHILE BRAINIAC WENT TO CLOSE AFFAIRS, I TOOK... PRECAUTIONS.

WOULD THAT I HAD TIME TO MORE ACCURATELY SYNTHESIZE KRYPTONITE...

...BUT THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO END YOU.

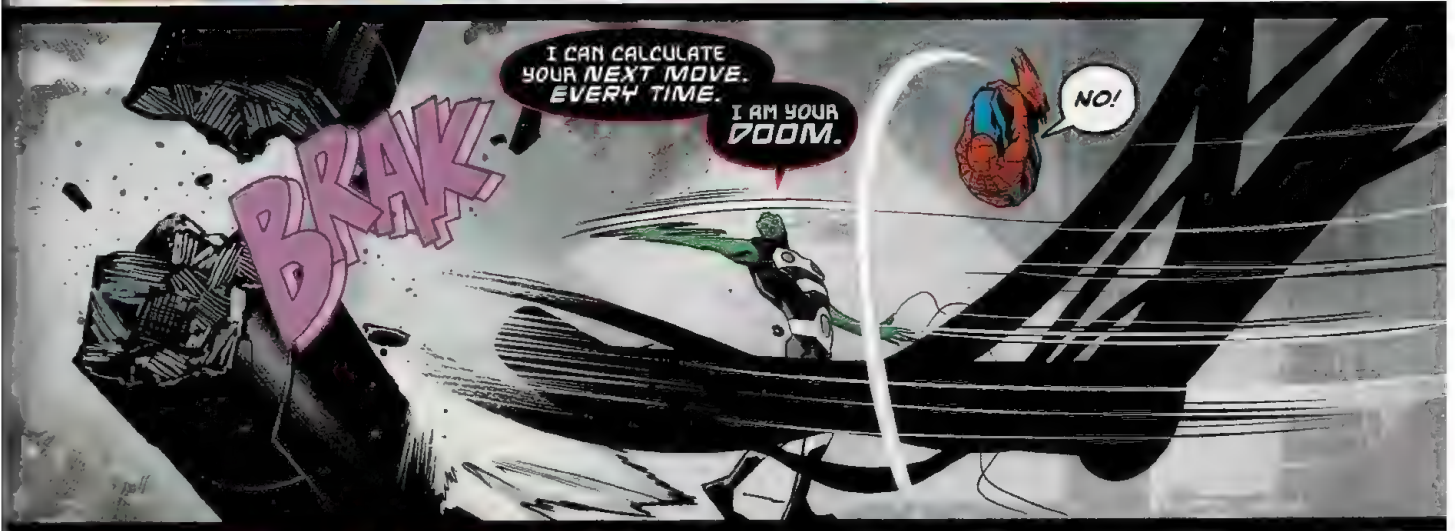
FORGET... ME!

YOU'RE SLAUGHTERING... THOUSANDS!

YOU DON'T... WANT THIS, DOCTOR!

YOU'RE NOT LIKE BRAINIAC!

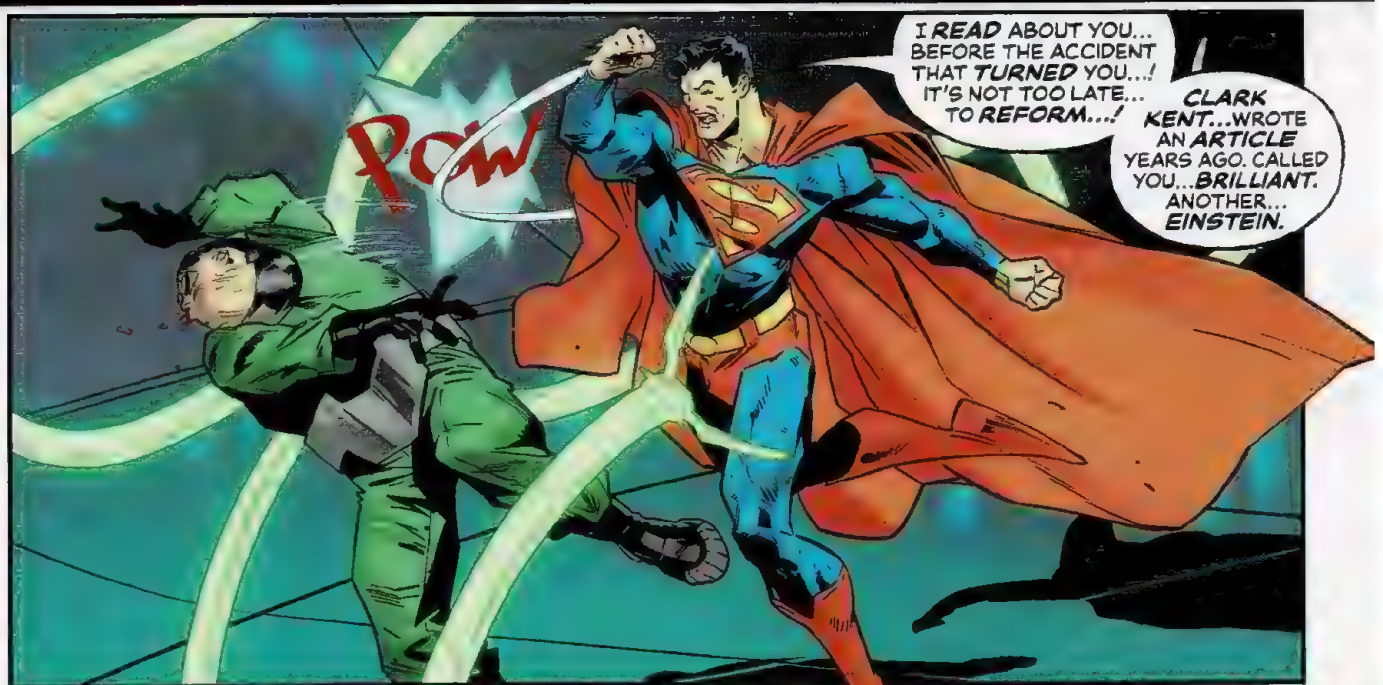
YOU DON'T KNOW ME.



I CAN CALCULATE YOUR NEXT MOVE. EVERY TIME.

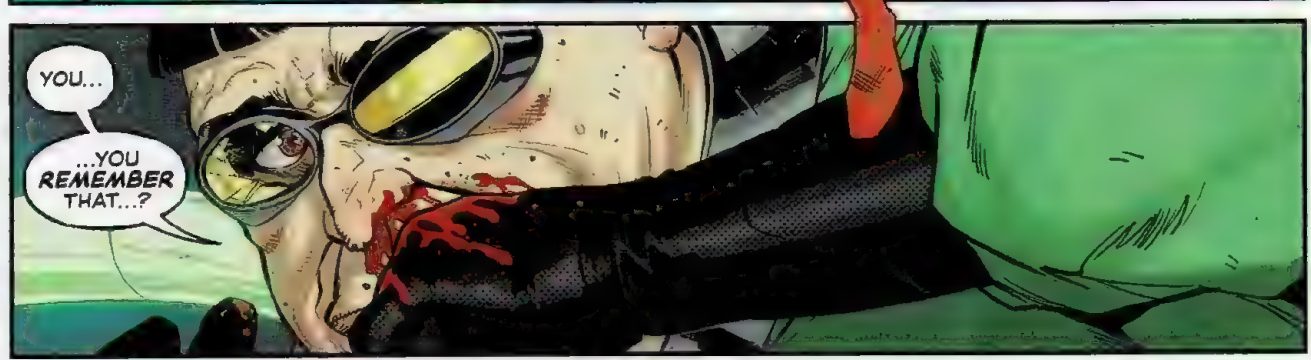
I AM YOUR DOOM.

NO!



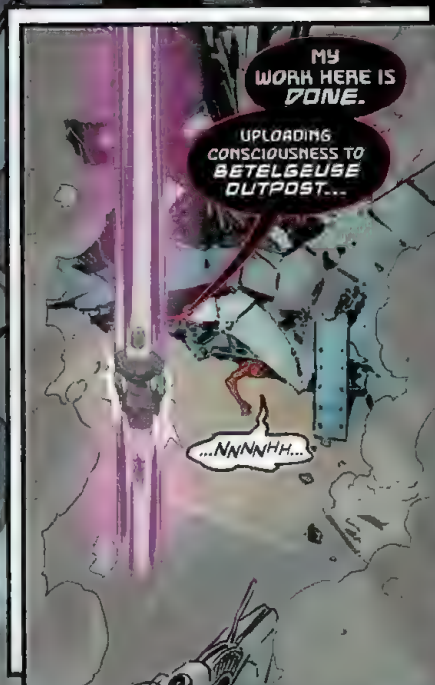
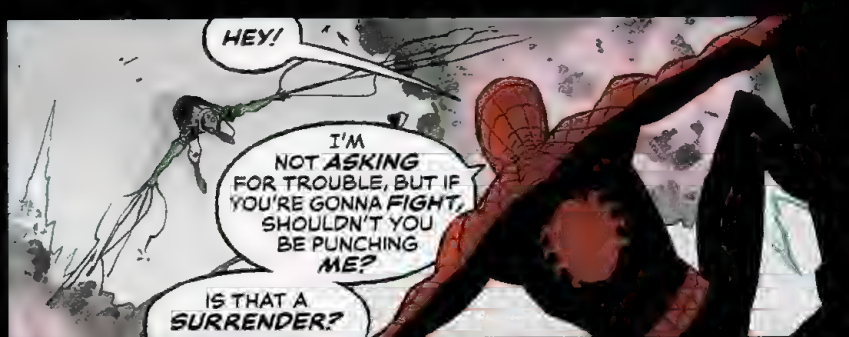
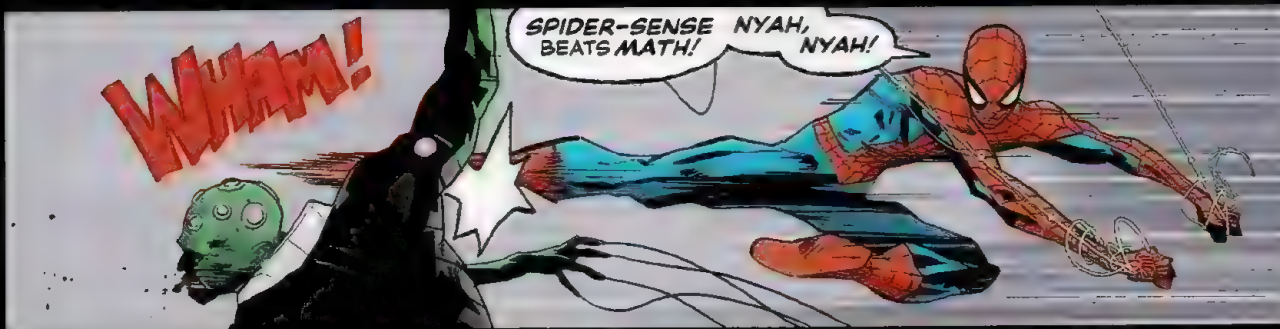
I READ ABOUT YOU... BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT TURNED YOU...! IT'S NOT TOO LATE... TO REFORM...!

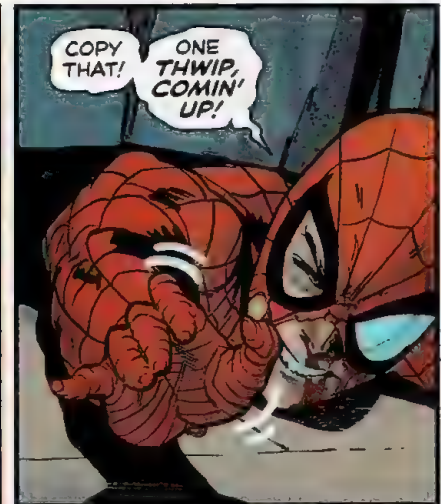
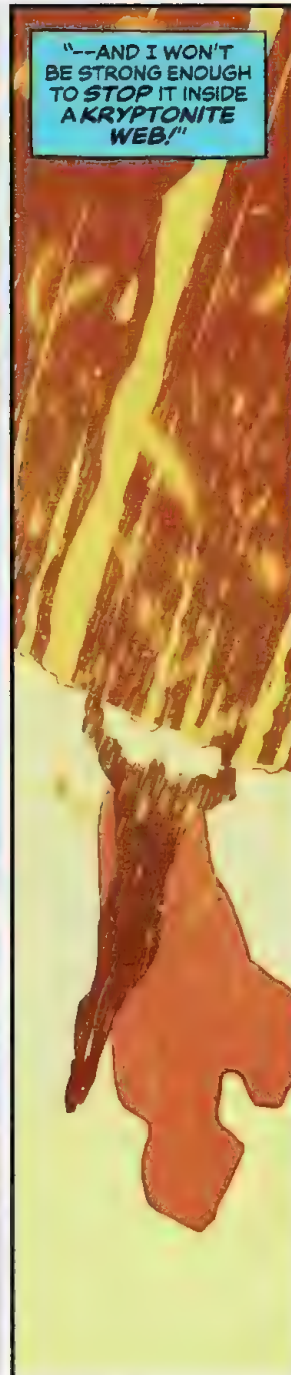
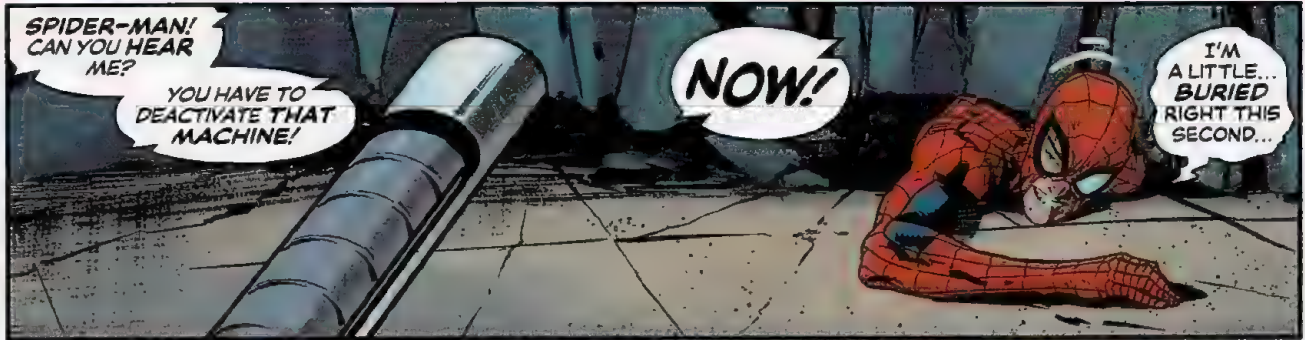
CLARK KENT...WROTE AN ARTICLE YEARS AGO. CALLED YOU...BRILLIANT. ANOTHER... EINSTEIN.

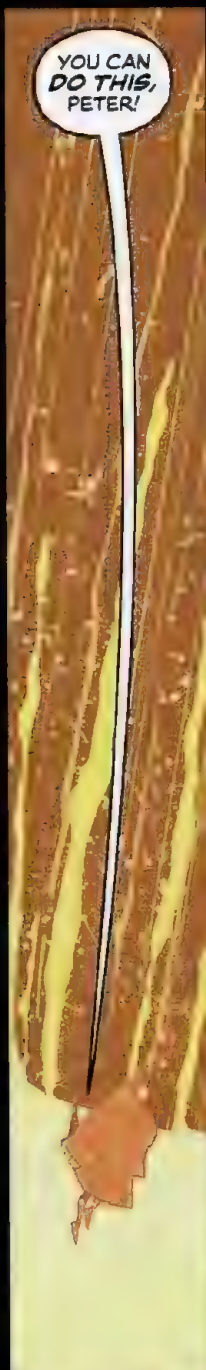


YOU...

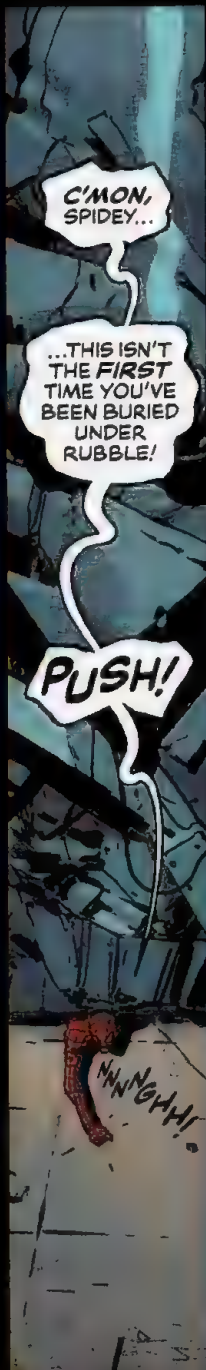
...YOU REMEMBER THAT...?







YOU CAN
DO THIS,
PETER!

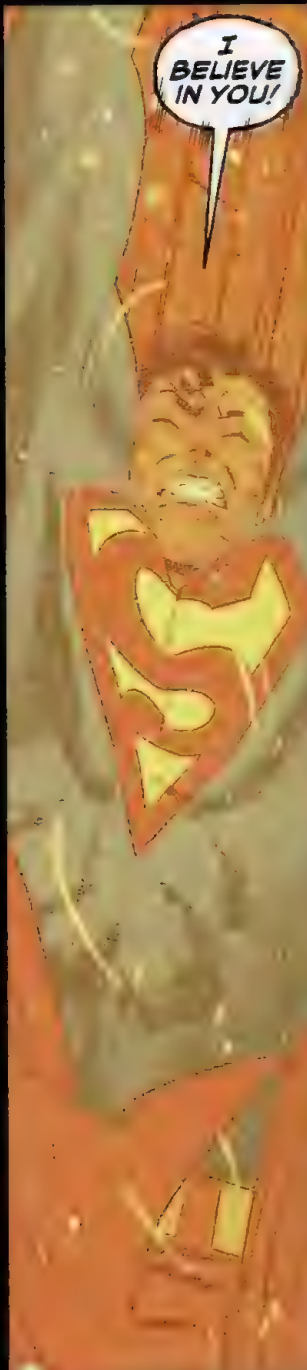


C'MON,
SPIDEY...

...THIS ISN'T
THE FIRST
TIME YOU'VE
BEEN BURIED
UNDER
RUBBLE!

PUSH!

NNNGHH!



I
BELIEVE
IN YOU!

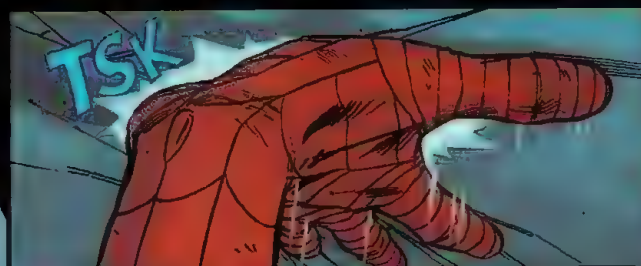


NNNHHH!

NO, NO,
NO...

...AN
EXTINCTION-
LEVEL EVENT
WAS NOT ON MY
CALENDAR...

COME--
ON--!



TSK



TSK

GNN--NN--GGGY--



SHAK!

SHAK!



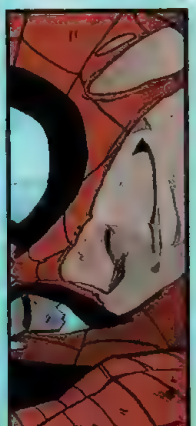
WE DID IT,
PARTNER.



NO...NO
BOOM...?



NO
BOOM.





NICE WORK, KID. YOU'RE GOOD.

THIS IS FRONT-PAGE STUFF.



KENT, GET MR. PARKER TO PAYROLL SO HE CAN CASH HIS VOUCHER.

AND PETER--YOU AND YOUR CAMERA ARE WELCOME AT THE DAILY PLANET ANYTIME.

MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE OLSEN SOME TIPS.

WOW! THANKS, MR. WHITE!



SO...MANY... ZEROS...!

...



WHAT? AGAIN WITH THE DRAMATIC PAUSE! OUT WITH IT! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

PETE, I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE, BUT...

BUT.



YOU'VE SPENT YEARS SELLING SPIDER-MAN PICTURES TO J. JONAH "SPIDER-MAN: THREAT OR MENACE?" JAMESON...



...KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THEY WERE BEING USED TO PROMOTE HATEFUL "NEWS" ABOUT YOU THAT WASN'T TRUE. WHY?

TWO POINTS.

FIRST, THE ONLY PERSON IT HURT WAS ME.

THAT'S ALSO THE TRUTH.



SECOND, YOU'RE MISSING THE PUNCHLINE!

ALL THAT TIME, JAMESON HAD NO IDEA HE WAS PAYING FOR SPIDER-MAN TO GO TO COLLEGE!



TOUCHÉ.

ALL THAT SAID, IT MUST BE NICE TO OPERATE IN A CITY THAT LOVES YOU.

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL.

THAT HELPS.

LIFT HOME?

SO POLITE. NO WONDER MY AUNT HAS A CRUSH ON YOU.

DON'T TELL LOIS.

OFF WE GO.

FOR THE LAST FERSHLUGGINER TIME--

--SLOW DOWN!

HOW ABOUT PLAYING TOUR GUIDE FIRST?

SEEMS THE LEAST I CAN DO.

SHALL WE START AT THE SUPERMAN MUSEUM?

YOU'RE KILLIN' ME.

END





FEATURING...

MARVEL

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"THE WORLD'S FINEST"

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JIM LEE PENCILLER
SCOTT WILLIAMS INKER
ALEX SINCLAIR COLORIST
PAT BROSSAU LETTERER

"PAGES"

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST WRITER
DANIEL SAMPERE ARTIST
ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ COLORIST
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER

SUPERMAN
FRONT

THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN

SUPERBOY & SPIDER-MAN 2099

"BEYOND THE COBWEBS
OF TOMORROW"

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SIMON GOUGH COLORIST
ANDWORLD DESIGN LETTERER

"JIMMY CON CARNAGE"

MATT FRACTION WRITER
STEVE LIEBER ARTIST
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CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

SUPERMAN'S
PAL
JIMMY OLSEN

CARNAGE

JONATHAN KENT & BEN PARKER

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RAFA SANDOVAL ARTIST
ULISES ARREOLA COLORIST
BECCA CAREY LETTERER

"BIAS"

GREG RUCKA WRITER
NICOLA SCOTT ARTIST
MARCELO MAIOLO COLORIST
ARIANA MAHER LETTERER

Daily Planet

DAILY BUGLE

POWER GIRL & THE PUNISHER

"BLIND DATE"

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BELÉN ORTEGA ARTIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE COLORIST
LUCAS GATTONI LETTERER

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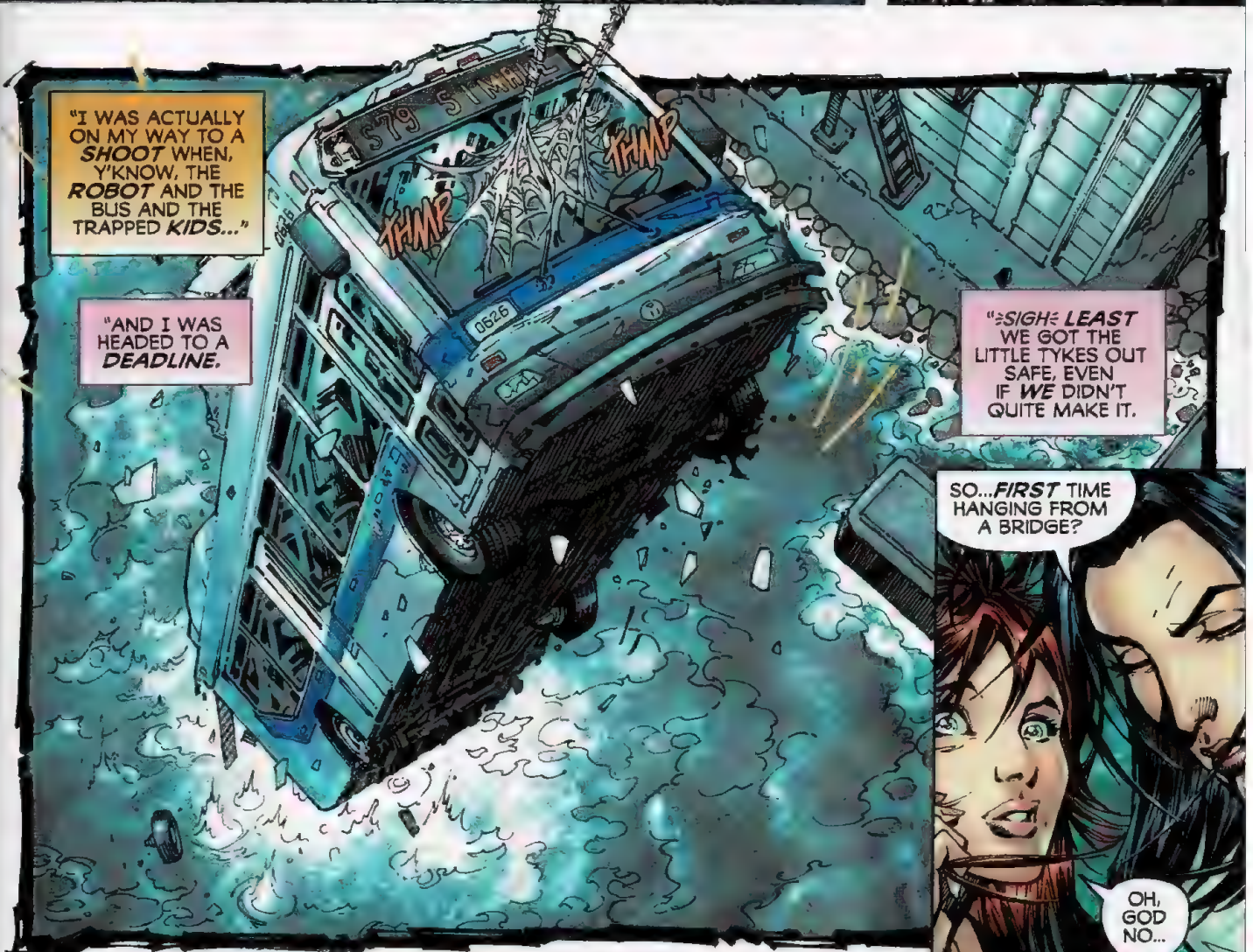
LOIS, BEEN A SECOND. HOW'RE THINGS?

EH, Y'KNOW HOW IT IS. MARY JANE, SAME OLD, SAME OLD. HOW ABOUT YOU?



"PRETTY GOOD. I'M STILL A HUGE FAN. I READ YOUR ARTICLES RELIGIOUSLY."

"WHAT? NO. I'M YOUR FAN. EVERY MAGAZINE I GET NOW HAS YOU ON THE COVER."



"I WAS ACTUALLY ON MY WAY TO A SHOOT WHEN, Y'KNOW, THE ROBOT AND THE BUS AND THE TRAPPED KIDS..."

"AND I WAS HEADED TO A DEADLINE."

"SIGH LEAST WE GOT THE LITTLE TYKES OUT SAFE, EVEN IF WE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT."

SO...FIRST TIME HANGING FROM A BRIDGE?

OH, GOD NO...

"I MEAN,
BRIDGES FEEL
LIKE *OLD*
FRIENDS AT
THIS POINT.

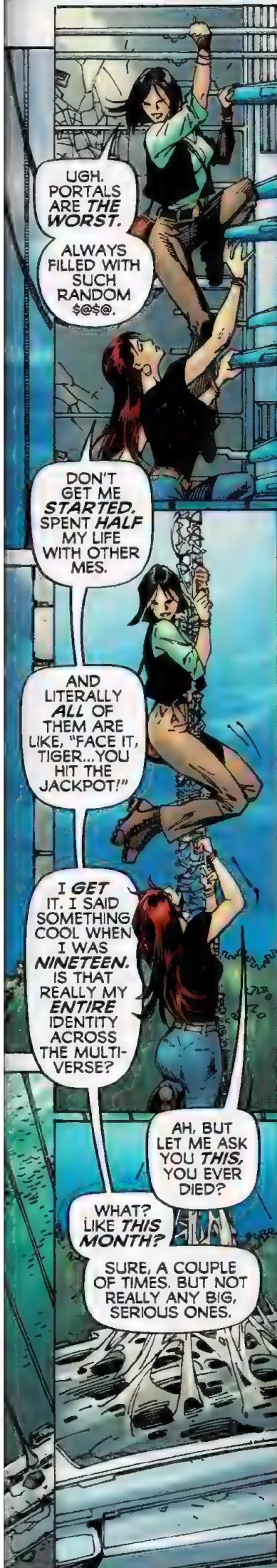
"I'VE
ALSO HUNG
OFF PLANES, A
FEW TRUCKS,
THE SUBWAY...
DIMENSIONAL
PORTALS,
OBVIOUSLY..."

DC COMICS &
MARVEL COMICS
PRESENT

THE WORLD'S FINEST

LOIS LANE • MARY JANE

WRITTEN BY TOM KING
PENCILS BY JIM LEE
INKS BY SCOTT WILLIAMS
COLORS BY ALEX SINCLAIR
LETTERS BY PAT BROSSAU



UGH.
PORTALS
ARE THE
WORST.

ALWAYS
FILLED WITH
SUCH
RANDOM
\$@\$@.

DON'T
GET ME
STARTED.
SPENT HALF
MY LIFE
WITH OTHER
MES.

AND
LITERALLY
ALL OF
THEM ARE
LIKE, "FACE IT,
TIGER...YOU
HIT THE
JACKPOT!"

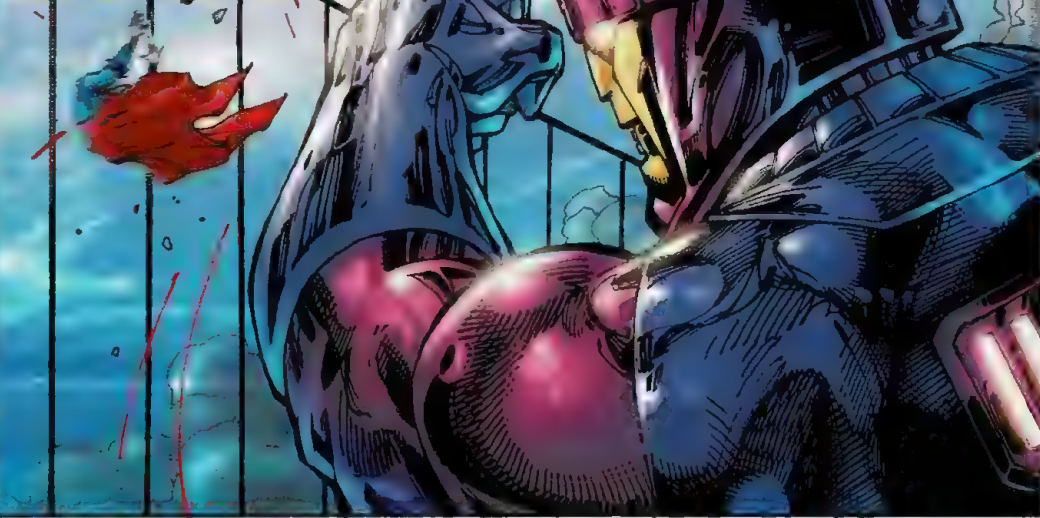
I GET
IT. I SAID
SOMETHING
COOL WHEN
I WAS
NINETEEN.
IS THAT
REALLY MY
ENTIRE
IDENTITY
ACROSS
THE MULTI-
VERSE?

AH, BUT
LET ME ASK
YOU *THIS*,
YOU EVER
DIED?

WHAT?
LIKE *THIS*
MONTH?

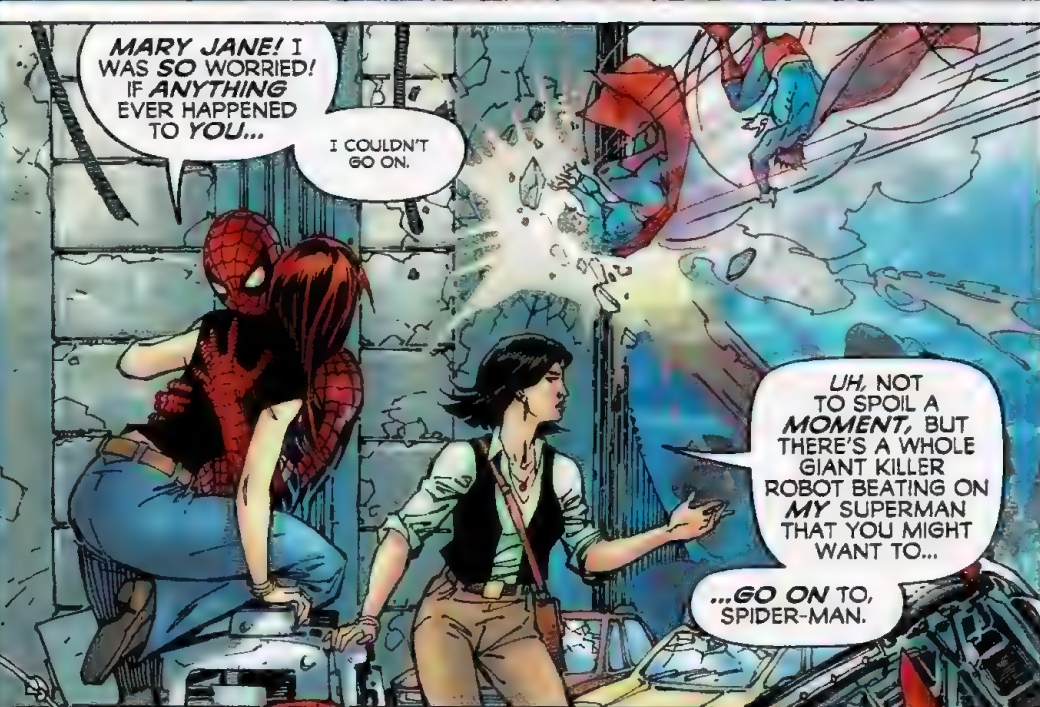
SURE, A COUPLE
OF TIMES. BUT NOT
REALLY ANY BIG,
SERIOUS ONES.

CRACK



MARY JANE! I
WAS SO WORRIED!
IF ANYTHING
EVER HAPPENED
TO YOU...

I COULDN'T
GO ON.



UH, NOT
TO SPOIL A
MOMENT, BUT
THERE'S A WHOLE
GIANT KILLER
ROBOT BEATING ON
MY SUPERMAN
THAT YOU MIGHT
WANT TO...

...GO ON TO,
SPIDER-MAN.



HE'S NOT
USUALLY...
HE'S GOT A
THING WITH
BRIDGES.

THERE WAS
AN OLD COLLEGE
GIRLFRIEND HE CAN'T
EVER QUITE...
Y'KNOW...

OH, I
KNOW.

BELIEVE ME.



"I DIDN'T THINK SPIDER-MAN WAS A MUTANT."

"HE'S NOT."

"HUH. NEITHER IS SUPERMAN. WHY'S A SENTINEL GOING AFTER THEM?"

"IN MY EXPERIENCE, PE--SPIDEY HAS A WAY OF GETTING EVERYONE ELSE'S TROUBLE."



"SO THERE'S LIKELY SOMEONE ELSE *HERE* THE SENTINEL IS CHASING."

OUCH

"I *DO* HAVE THE POWER TO DRIVE A LOT OF GOBLINS OVER THE EDGE..."

"AND I CAN MISSPELL *MOST* WORDS, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S ENOUGH..."



"SO, I GUESS *WE* SHOULD PROBABLY FIND THE MISSING WHOEVER AND *FIX* ALL THIS."

"BUT THE BOYS ARE HAVING *SO* MUCH FUN, WITH ALL THE PUNCHING AND FASTBALL SPECIALING..."

"TRUE. SHAME TO RUIN IT. BUT *STILL*, I DO HAVE THAT *DEADLINE*."

"AND I GOT THE SHOOT. ALL RIGHT, LET'S *FIGURE* IT OUT. *TSK*. POOR BOYS."



EXCUSE ME, SIR, WE CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE **EVERYONE** ELSE HAS RUN AWAY FROM THE KILLER ROBOT.

EXCEPT **US**.

EXCEPT **US**. AND **YOU**.

AND **YOU**.

IT IS NOT A KILLER ROBOT.



AAAAA!

"IT IS A **SENTINEL-248**. INVULNERABLE. INDESTRUCTIBLE.

"**ONLY** WAY TO DAMAGE IT IS TO HIT IT WITH **KINETIC ENERGY** IN DOZENS OF AREAS OF WEAKNESS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.

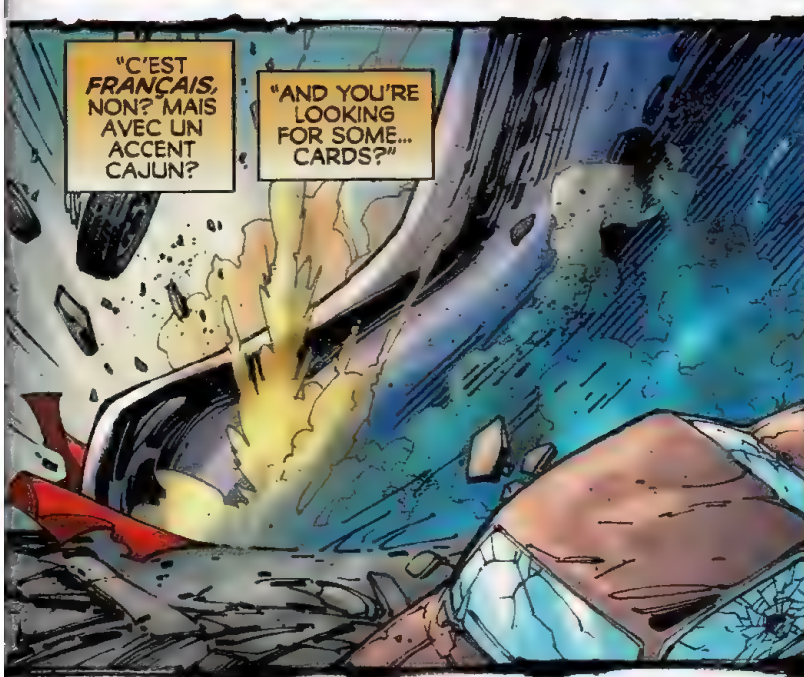


IF I COULD FIND...DAMMIT! IN **ONE** OF THESE CARS THERE MUST BE...

THEY WERE IN MY **HAND**, AND THE BRIDGE CRACKED, AND THEY WENT INTO THE WATER.

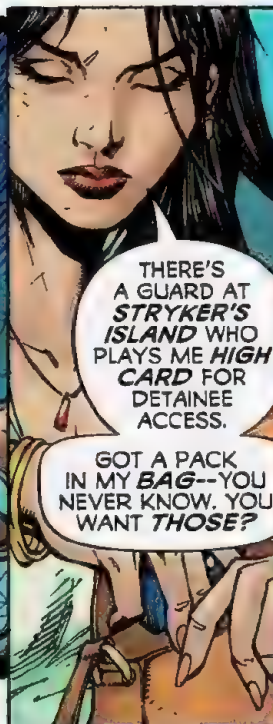


MES CARTES MAUDIT!



"C'EST **FRANÇAIS**. NON? MAIS AVEC UN ACCENT CAJUN?"

"AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME... **CARDS**?"



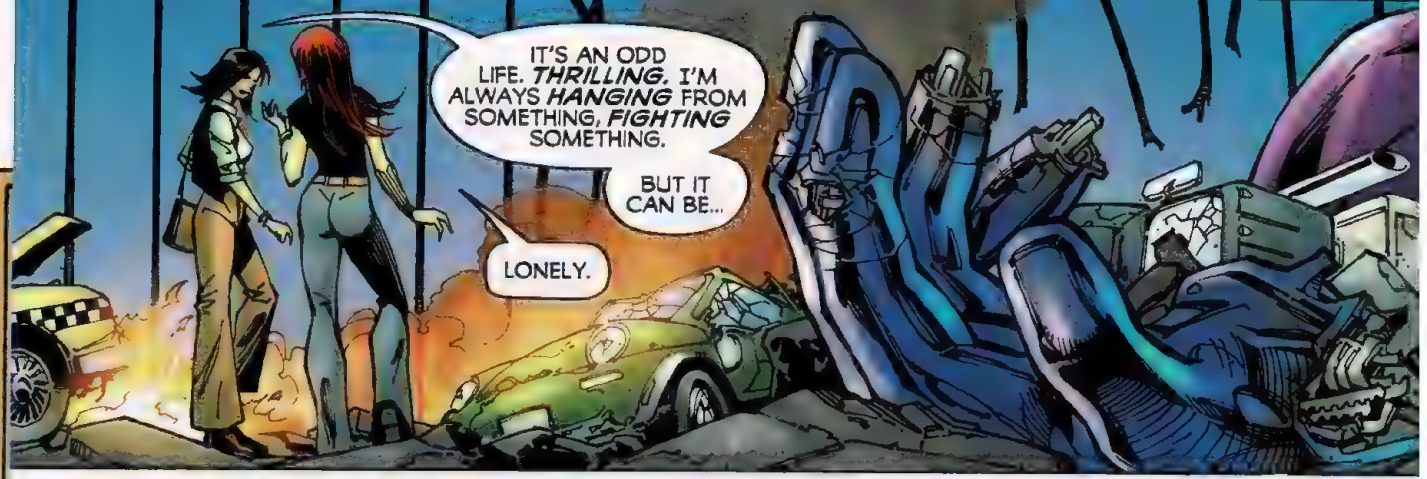
THERE'S A GUARD AT **STRYKER'S ISLAND** WHO PLAYS ME **HIGH CARD** FOR DETAINEE ACCESS.

GOT A PACK IN MY **BAG**--YOU NEVER KNOW. YOU WANT **THOSE**?



MES CHERIES...

HARRAS
PLAYING CARD



IT'S AN ODD LIFE. **THRILLING**. I'M ALWAYS **HANGING** FROM SOMETHING, **FIGHTING** SOMETHING.

BUT IT CAN BE...

LONELY.



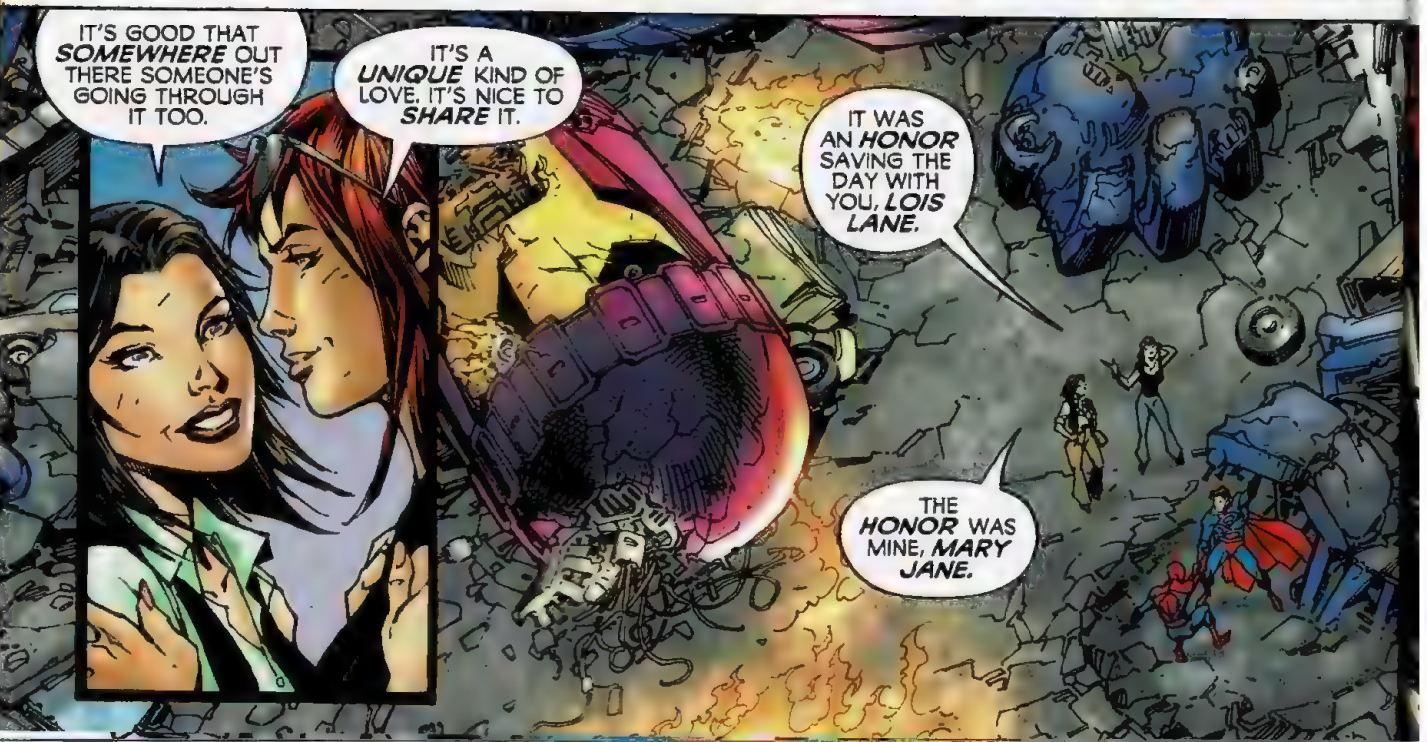
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS WHY I DON'T JUST **RUN** AWAY FROM ALL OF IT.

WHY WHEN YOU'VE FALLEN FOR A **STUBBORN** MAN IN BLUE AND RED TIGHTS. YOU CAN'T RUN.



NO, NOT WHEN HE **NEEDS** YOU. AND HE **ALWAYS** NEEDS YOU.

ALMOST AS ALWAYS AS YOU NEED HIM.



IT'S GOOD THAT **SOMEWHERE** OUT THERE SOMEONE'S GOING THROUGH IT TOO.

IT'S A **UNIQUE** KIND OF LOVE. IT'S NICE TO **SHARE** IT.

IT WAS AN **HONOR** SAVING THE DAY WITH YOU, **LOIS LANE**.

THE **HONOR** WAS MINE, **MARY JANE**.

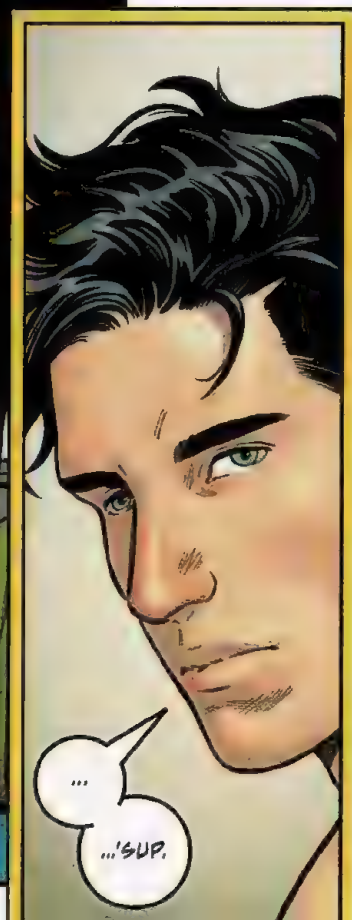
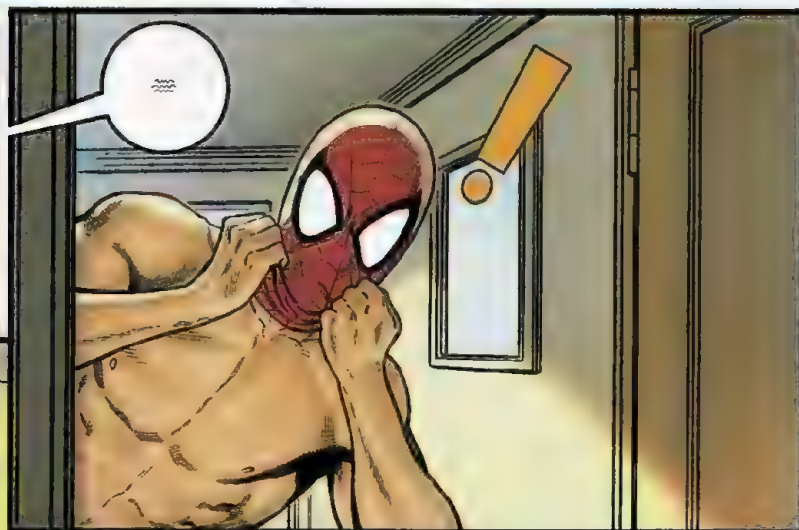
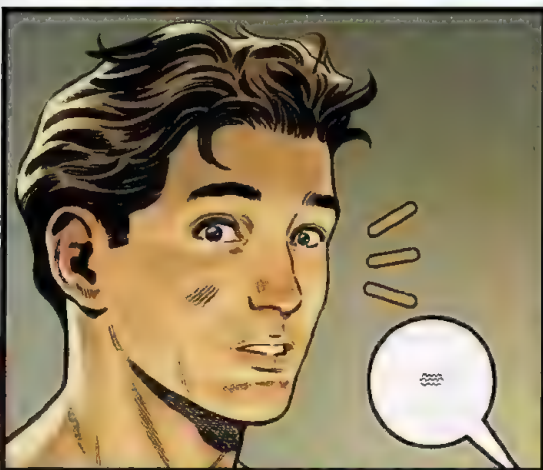
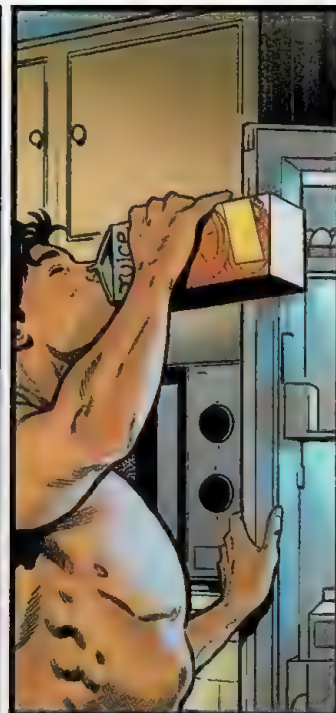
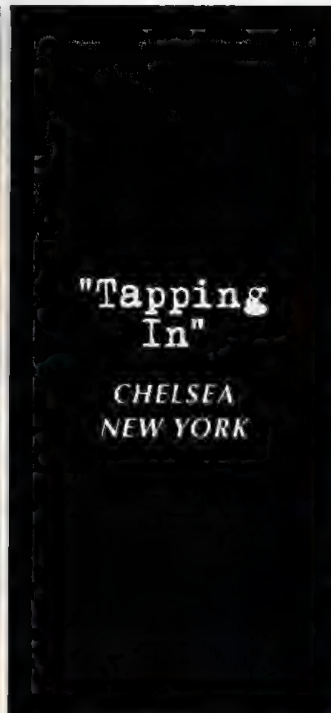
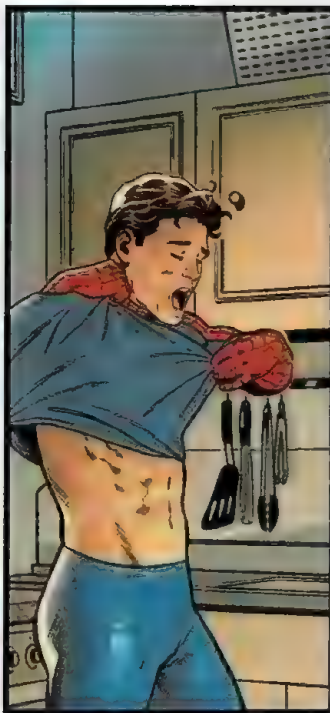


MONSIEUR
SENTINEL!
JUST TO MAKE IT
OFFICIAL!

...BANG...

...YOU
DEAD.





SUPERBOY-PRIME

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

MY...
COSTUME?
YOU
BROKE INTO
MY PLACE TO
TALK TO...A
COSTUME--?!

WHO
DOES
THAT?! WHO
ARE
YOU? HOW
DO YOU
KNOW--

I'M
A FAN. I
READ
ABOUT
YOU.

"READ"...
WHERE...?

SECRET
WARS!

WHERE
YOU
GOT THAT
LIVING
SYMBIOTE
COSTUME.

GUESS I'M
A COUPLE
ISSUES
LATE. THIS
LOOKS LIKE...
AROUND ASM
#263!

BY
THEN, YOU'D
DITCHED THE
SYMBIOTE
AFTER IT
WENT
ROGUE.

SO
NOW I
NEED YOU
TO TAP
IN.

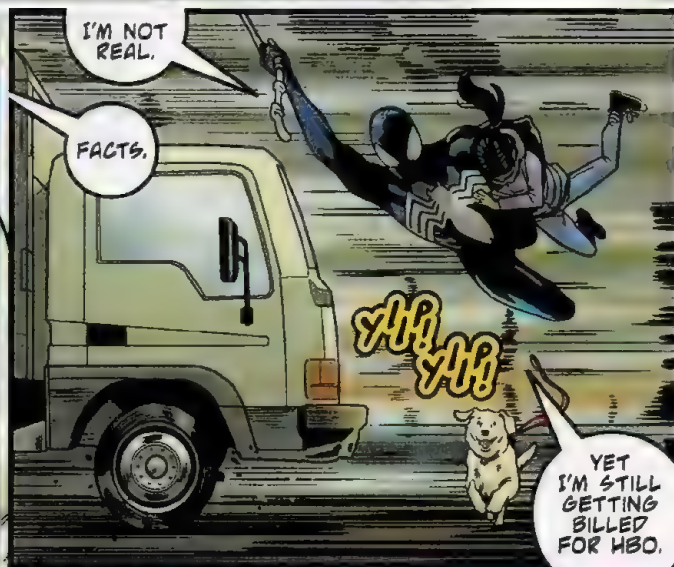
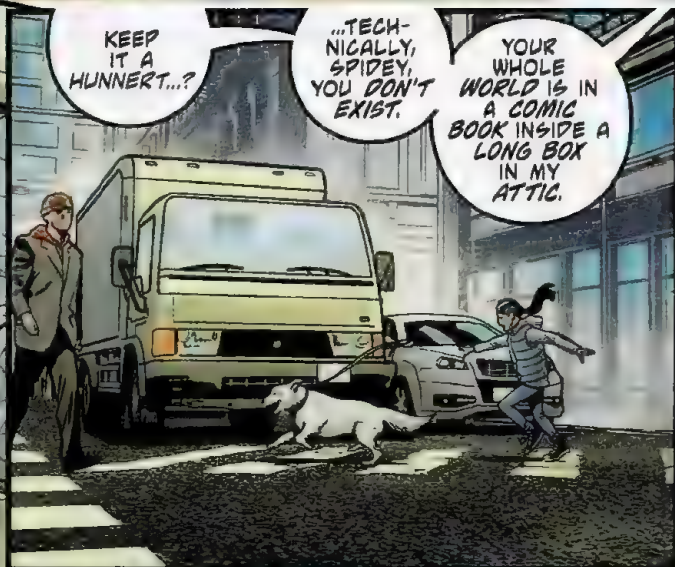
PAGES

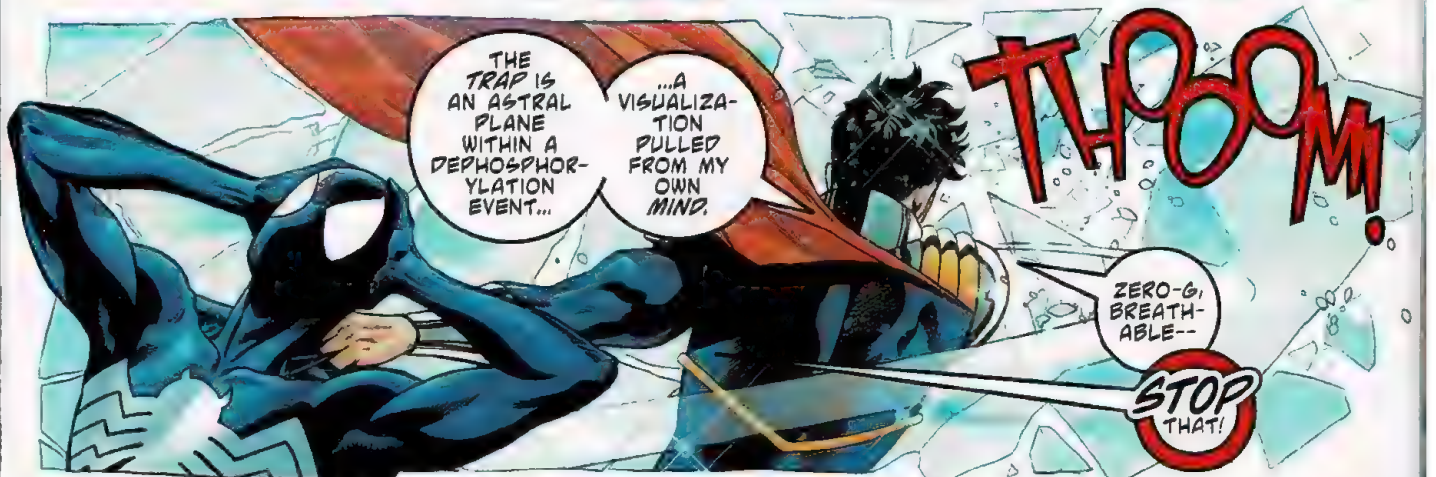
PRIEST
script

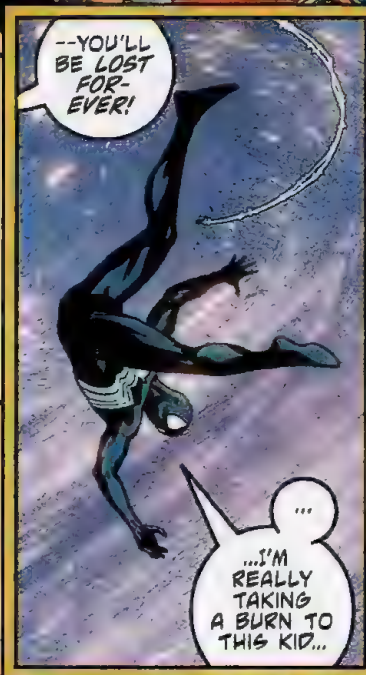
DANIEL SAMPERE
art

WILLIE SCHUBERT
letters

ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ
color









...IS THE ARCHITECT OF THIS MOUSE-TRAP!

ALL RIGHT, EVO, I GET IT...

...I CRASHED YOUR LATEST "CITADEL OF SCIENCE"... FREED YOUR "EXPERIMENTS,"

TO MAKE AMENDS...I'VE BROUGHT YOU A NEW SUBJECT!

THE PROCESS OF PERFECTION IS ARDUOUS AND NEVER-ENDING.

GO... AND TRESPASS NO MORE! HOWEVER...



...WAIT FOR IT...

...THE HUMAN ARACHNID STAYS.

EVERY TIME.

WAIT, I GET IT NOW--

--YOU WANTED TO BRING THE SYMBIOTE HERE... FOR EVO'S COLLECTION!



--BUT NOW YOU'RE... SELLING ME OUT INSTEAD?!

BEEN TRAPPED A YEAR, PETE.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...I'M NOT A HERO.

MAYBE I JUST WANT TO RIDE THE TRUCK.



THWIP!

SORRY, YOUR HIGH 'LUTION-NESS--

--I CAN'T COSIGN SPARKY'S DEAL!

THWIP!

DESPITE WHAT THAT KID THINKS, I ACTUALLY DO EXIST.

I HOPE. APPARENTLY.



MUCH AS I MIGHT ENJOY A GENETIC UPGRADE OR, SAY, A SECOND HEAD--

SSSPILLOOTCH!

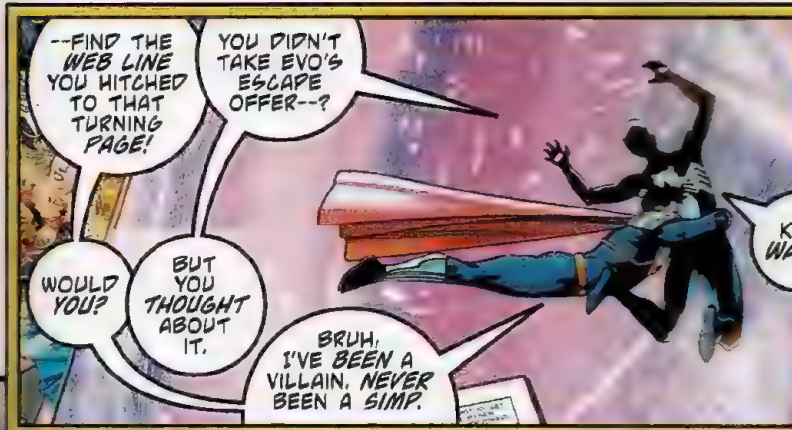
--I'M ONLY HUMAN... FOR NOW.



HAVING SAID THAT...

...EXCUSE ME WHILE I FLEE IN TERROR...

THIS WAY--



--FIND THE WEB LINE YOU HITCHED TO THAT TURNING PAGE!

YOU DIDN'T TAKE EVO'S ESCAPE OFFER--?

WOULD YOU?

BUT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

BRUH, I'VE BEEN A VILLAIN. NEVER BEEN A SIMP.

KID... WAIT--



--I GET IT...

...YOU'RE A LITTLE CONFUSED...

...WEAVING LANES ON THE GOOD GUY/BAD GUY AUTOBAHN.

I'VE BEEN THERE.

BUT, MY UNCLE BEN TAUGHT ME--



I KNOW... "WITH GREAT POWER--"

OH, YEAH, THAT TOO.

WAS GONNA SAY, "STOP FEEDING YOUR VEGGIES TO THE DOG!"



ONE WEB STRAND, PETE...IN A MILLION PAGES!

I'LL ESCAPE THE EVOLUTIONARY SOME OTHER WAY--

OH, BUT NOOO, CAPTAIN CLEARASIL--

--NEITHER OF US IS GOING ANYWHERE!

NOT WITH EVO STILL OUT THERE "EVOLVING" PEOPLE.



WE CAN'T JUST RUN AWAY.

YOU SAY YOU READ ABOUT ME...

...MAYBE THAT'S HOW YOU KNEW THAT TRUCK DRIVER WOULDN'T BE CRUSHED FOUR PAGES AGO. BUT, THIS--



--NO CLIFFSNOTES FOR THIS MOMENT.

WE MISS OUR CHANCE--WE COULD BOTH BE STUCK HERE!

THWILL?!

THWILL?!



SPIDEY-- LET ME GO! LET'S JUST TAKE THE "L" AND--

HEY...HEY KID--



--SO LONG AS PEOPLE...EVEN PEOPLE YOU THINK DON'T EXIST...ARE IN DANGER--

--WE CAN'T JUST FEED OUR VEGGIES TO THE DOG.

I GET IT, PRIME. I HEAR YOU--



--FIRE IS SCARY.

...YEAH. IT IS.

...I'M CLARK.



STAY OUT OF MY CLOSET, CLARK.

THWIP??

LET'S HIT IT.



IF WE TAKE OUT EVO'S "SENTIENT" ARMOR, WE MIGHT HAVE HALF A SHOT AT THIS. IF NOT--

--HE'LL EVOLVE US INTO MOOSE-HEAD MIMES!

PERFECT FOR A DEAD-END GIG WORKER!

LET'S HIT MIDNIGHT PAPAYA AFTER--THE MOST "EVOLVED" PAYS!

...I'M CLARK.

SUPERBOY & SPIDER-MAN
BEYOND THE COBWEBS OF TOMORROW

LEXCORP

BOOM

WHOEVER HE IS, HE
JUST WRECKED THREE
LEXCORP BUILDINGS IN
TWENTY MINUTES.

Story & Art: SEAN MURPHY Colors: SIMON GOUGH Lettering: ANDWORLD DESIGN

HARD TO LOCK ONTO
HIS MOVEMENT--HE'S
FLYING KINDA WEIRD.

HE'S NOT
FLYING--HE'S
SWINGING.
MAYBE WITH A
GRAPPLING
HOOK.



WHAT'S A
GRAPPLING
HOOK?

BEFORE
YOUR TIME.

IF HE'S GOT A BEEF
WITH LEX, THEN MAYBE
HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

HE'S
PUTTING
INNOCENT
PEOPLE AT
RISK.

BUT HE SAVED THE
EMPLOYEES FROM
AN EXPLOSION.

AN EXPLOSION
HE CAUSED.

WHAT ARE THEY
HANGING FROM?
CABLES?

Heelp!

ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER,
IT'S SOME KIND OF WEBBING. I
THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THIS GUY'S
NOT FROM AROUND HERE.

STAY CLOAKED
UNTIL WE KNOW
MORE.

LOOKS LIKE HIS
NEXT TARGET IS
ALCHEMAX!

4

SO THIS IS
GOTHAM CITY.
PLACE GIVES ME
THE CREEPS.

OH WELL--AT
LEAST I DIDN'T
RUN INTO ANY OF
THE LOCALS--

WOOSH

HOLY
SHOCK!

SPOKE TOO
SOON--

SOMETHING
JUST KNOCKED
HIM OVER!

WHATEVER HIT HIM
WAS TOO FAST TO BE
PICKED UP ON RADAR.
IT MUST BE--

SUPERMAN?

CAN'T BE--HE'S TOO TOO
MUCH OF A SHRIMP TO BE
THE REAL DEAL.

KINDA LIKE YOU.

WATCH IT,
OLD MAN.

WHO ARE YOU,
AND WHAT DO
YOU WANT WITH
ALCHEMAX AND
LEXCORP?

SORRY, BUDDY.
BUT I DON'T
HAVE TIME FOR
THIS--

FSSSTH

UGH--
GROSS!



OKAY, LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN--



MY WHOLE FUTURE'S AT STAKE.

SO IF YOU'RE GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY, THEN THAT ENTITLES YOU TO A *NUEVA YORK* ASS KICKING.

HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT TIME AND THE FUTURE.

SO?

SO I THINK HE'S A TIME TRAVELER.

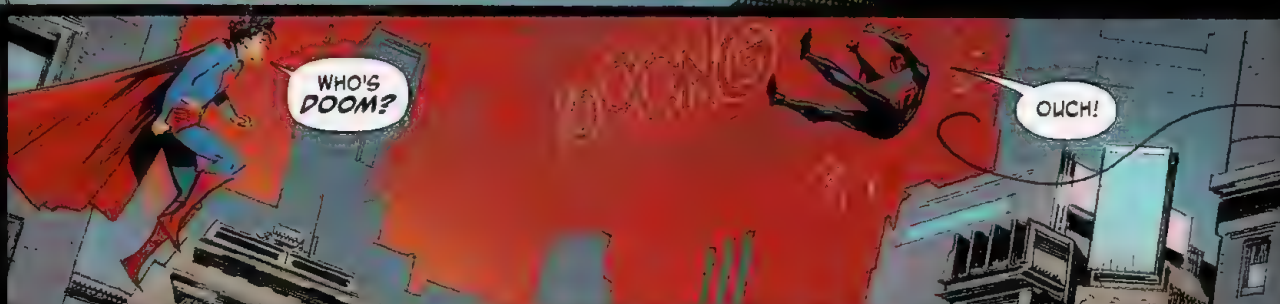
SCHWAY!

SAME WITH SUPERBOY--THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HE'S THE **WRONG AGE.**

IF YOU'RE GOING AFTER ALCHEMAX AND LEXCORP, THEN WE MIGHT BE ON THE SAME TEAM.

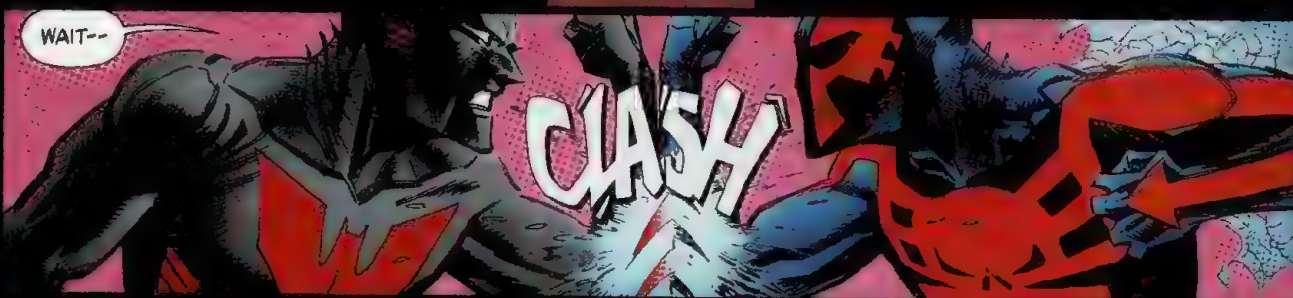


HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A TRICK? HOW DO I KNOW YOU DON'T WORK FOR **DOOM?!**



WHO'S DOOM?

OUCH!





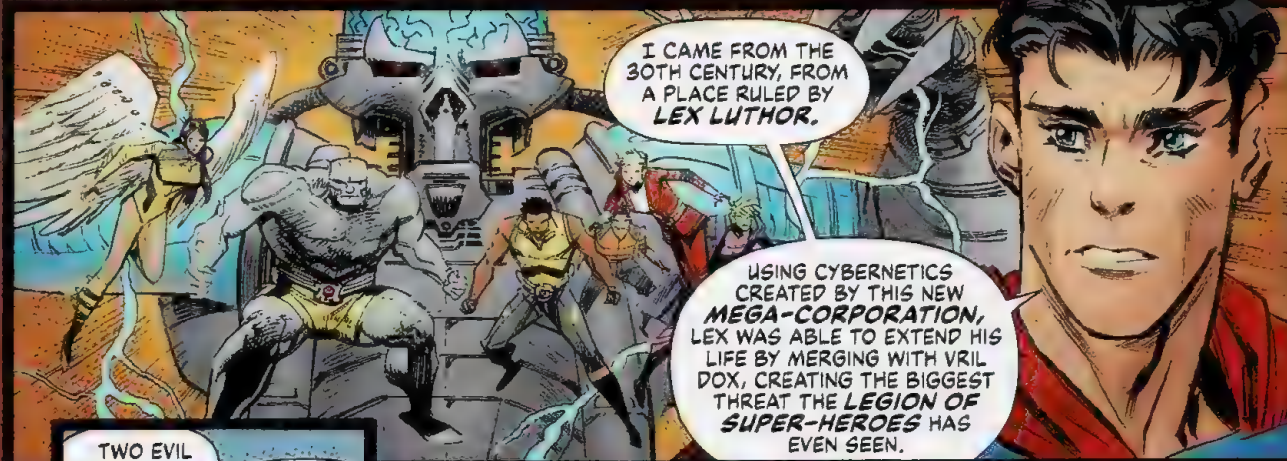
I'M FROM THE YEAR 2099, FROM A WORLD RUN BY A TYRANT NAMED DOOM.

THE ONLY WAY TO STOP HIM WAS TO USE HIS **TIME PLATFORM** TO COME TO 2039, TO STOP A CORPORATE MERGER THAT WOULD DEVELOP TECHNOLOGY THAT EVENTUALLY EMPOWERS HIM.

LEXCORP AND ALCHEMAX.

UNCANNY HOW SIMILAR OUR STORIES ARE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I CAME FROM THE 30TH CENTURY, FROM A PLACE RULED BY LEX LUTHOR.

USING CYBERNETICS CREATED BY THIS NEW **MEGA-CORPORATION**, LEX WAS ABLE TO EXTEND HIS LIFE BY MERGING WITH VRIL DOX, CREATING THE BIGGEST THREAT THE **LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES** HAS EVEN SEEN.

TWO EVIL COMPANIES...

...TWO EVIL FUTURES.

BUT LEX DISAPPEARED INTO THE **SOURCE WALL**. HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN FOR YEARS.

MY SPIEY SENSES ARE SENSING A **TEAM-UP!**

ROAD TRIP.

NOT SO FAST--I THINK TWO OF YOU ARE GONNA NEED **HELMETS**.

WHY?

BECAUSE THE **SOURCE WALL** IS IN **OUTER SPACE!**

Sam Miller

END

WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S DAY ONE AT A BRAND-NEW JOB IN A BRAND-NEW TOWN FOR EVERYONE'S FAVORITE COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...

SUPERMAN'S PAL

Always Be Jimmy Olsen

Capturing photographs of SPIDER-MAN

for me your boss is J. Edgar Johnson Editor-in-Chief of this newspaper which is called the Daily Bugle you should be like my large heroic son who is an werewolf on the moon which is where a full moon and thus being an astronaut and a werewolf is a combination that is not good 4 of the most delicate duties are the promotion to understand something about the work on matters...

...WHO, HAVING DECAPED FROM METROPOLIS, U.S.A., NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN A BIG PICKLE IN THE BIG APPLE, WHERE, UNDER THE EMPLOY OF A BRAND-NEW BOSS--ARGUABLY QUITE SIMILAR, ARCHETYPALLY, TO HIS OLD BOSS BUT NOT LEGALLY ACTIONABLE--AT A BRAND-NEW NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK'S OWN

DAILY BUGLE,

JIMMY'S JUST LEARNED HE MUST...

BRING ME PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN...

STARK

...OR YOU'RE FIRED!!!

...LEADING TO THIS TITANIC LITTLE TALE OF JIMMY OLSEN AND PETER PARKER AND THEIR INTERMINGLING I.P.S THAT WE JUST HAD TO CALL...

JIMMY

com

CARNAGE

MATT FRACTION
writer

STEVE LIEBER
artist

NATHAN FAIRBAIN
colorist

CLAYTON COWLES
letterer

WAIT UP!

CAN I TAG ALONG? I DON'T KNOW MY WAY AROUND THIS CITY YET...

HECK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SPIDERMAN LOOKS LIKE!

IT'S "SPIDER-HYPHEN-MAN," NEW GUY...

SAY IT WITHOUT THE HYPHEN AND EVERYONE'LL THINK YOU'RE A TOURIST, AND BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT THAT.

MANHATTAN'S A PERFECT GRID. JUST DON'T GO DOWN ANY DARK ALLEYWAYS. AND IF YOU SEE SPIDER-MAN, KEEP SHOOTING.

HE'S THE GOOEY-WEBBY RED-ISH SPIDER-Y GUY--CAN'T MISS HIM!

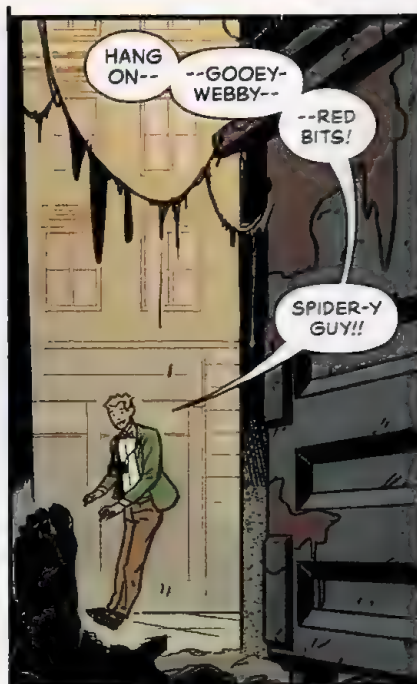
YOU'RE GONNA DO GREAT, NEW GUY, I CAN FEEL IT.

I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE, PETER PIPER!

AND SO THE MARVEL OF METROPOLIS
MOSEYS AMOK IN MANHATTAN ON
PHOTOGRAPHIC SAFARI FOR ITS
MYSTERIOUS SPIDERED-MAN!



...HOW CAN IT
BE A PERFECT
GRID, I JUST PASSED
WAVERLY PLACE
AND WAVERLY
PLACE...?!



HANG
ON--

--GOOEY-
WEBBY--

--RED
BITS!

SPIDER-Y
GUY!!



I GOTCHA,
SPIDERMAN!

NOW LOOK
AT THE BIRDIE
AND SAY CHEE--

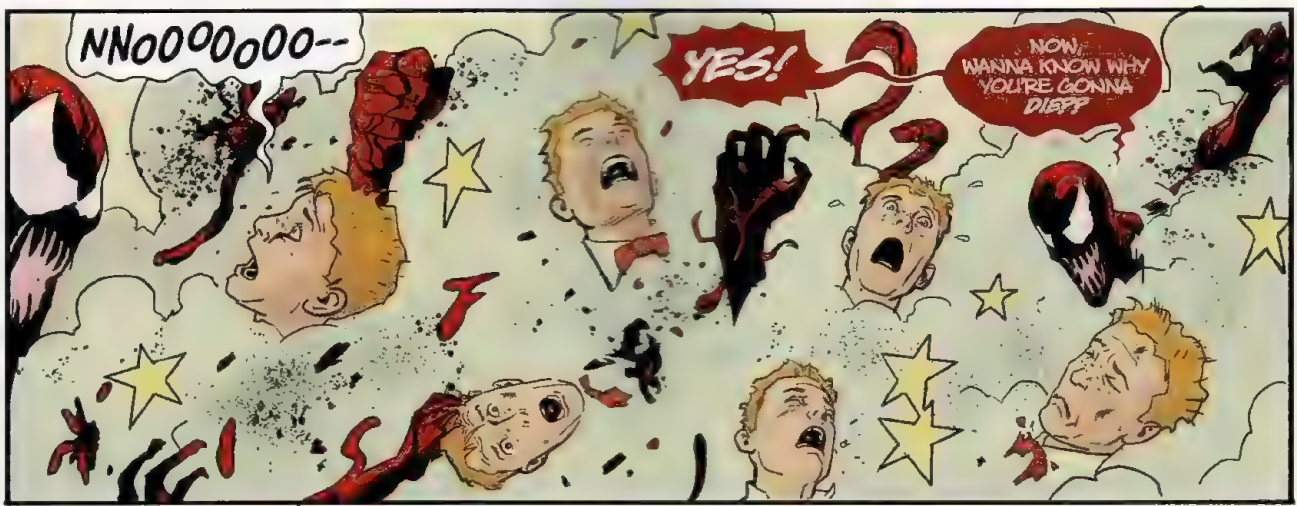
--OH GOD,
HELP ME!

WHAT GOD IS IT HERE TO
WHOM YOU PRAY, JIMMY
OLSEN? WHAT SHELTERING
HAND OF WHICH BENEVOLENT
FORCE OF WISDOM AND
POWER EXACTLY DO YOU
PETITION NOW WITH PRAYER?
FOR WHAT KIND OF DIVINE
ENTITY COULD ALLOW A NAIF
LIKE YOURSELF TO STUMBLE
UNAWARES INTO THE
UNSETTLING AND ETERNALLY
MURDEROUS MAW OF THE
BESTIAL, BLOODY, PSYCHOTIC
MONSTROUSNESS THAT IS...

CARNAGE

...AND STILL HEAR YOU? FOR
IF THAT GOD ANSWERS
PRAYERS, THEN SURELY
MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THAT
ANSWER SHALL ALWAYS BE--





DAILY BUGLE

I TOLD YOU SO

Bugle Pub Jameson: "Spider-Man Both Threat AND Menace"
 Paper Mourns Fallen Photog/Tangelo-Maned Tourist J. Bart "Jimmy" Olsen

YORK] Daily Bugle Publisher and staunch Spider-Man critic J. Jonah Jameson welcomed evidence of the alleged "friendly" neighborhood crawler as a wild, murder-crazed monster in a photograph taken by a regional hire at the of his death in a dead-end Greenwich Village yesterday.

years probably I have insisted that this so-called Spider-Man, who I call "Spider-Menace," was not at all perhero that all of the other rubes and morons in Manhattan media insisted he was. Many times big men, grown men would come up to me with in their eyes, crying and saying, "Please, sir, Mr. use the full power of the press directed the might of my editing to use the full power of the press representing this view, without there would always be room for people on this be-fanged blood-

IT'S CALLED
JOURNALISM,
 PARKER. GOOD
 OLD-FASHIONED,
 TRUTH-TO-POWER
JOURNALISM.

THIS IS
 THE PROUDEST
 DAY OF MY
 LIFE.

EVEN MORE
 THAN WHEN MY
 BIG HEROIC SON FIRST
 SET PAWS ON
 THE MOON.

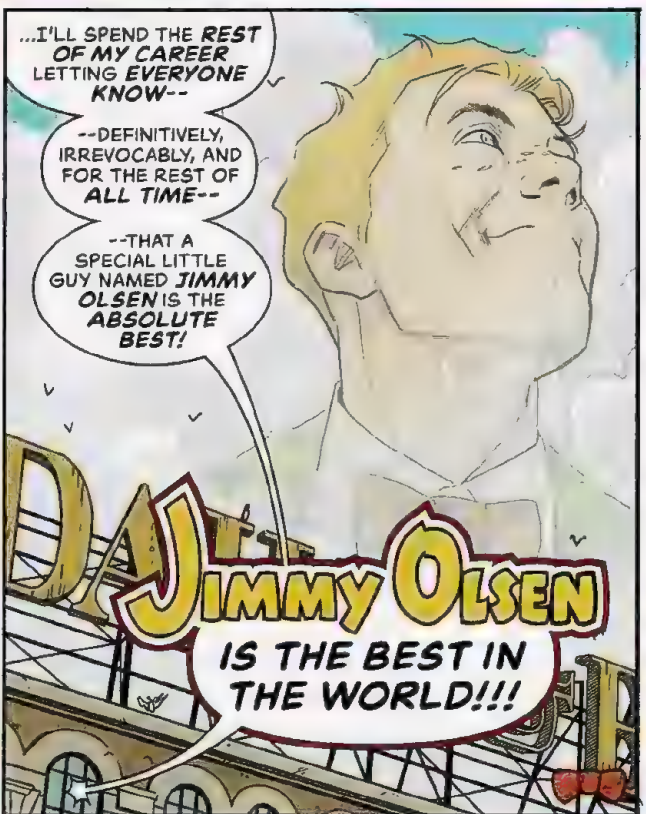
THAT WAS
 REALLY KINDA HIS
 WHOLE DEAL. HIM AND
 THOSE NASA
 EGGHEADS.

BUT THIS...?
 THIS IS WHAT I WAS
 PUT ON EARTH TO
 DO, PARKER.

AND NOW THAT
 WE'VE PROVEN WITHOUT A
 DOUBT THAT SPIDER-MAN IS
 THE WORST OF THE WORST...



The burden of righteousness—that fetter of all truth-tellers such as I—feels as if it's a burden at all but falling from this beast's shoulders the right of truth-tellers to be treated as such thanks to me. J. Jonah Jameson



...I'LL SPEND THE REST
 OF MY CAREER
 LETTING EVERYONE
 KNOW--

--DEFINITELY,
 IRREVOCABLY, AND
 FOR THE REST OF
 ALL TIME--

--THAT A
 SPECIAL LITTLE
 GUY NAMED JIMMY
 OLSEN IS THE
 ABSOLUTE
 BEST!

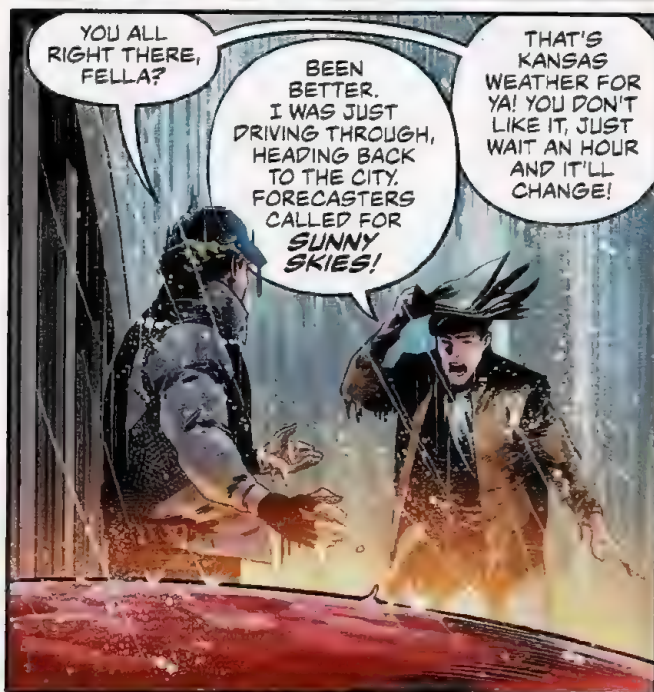
JIMMY OLSEN
 IS THE BEST IN
 THE WORLD!!!

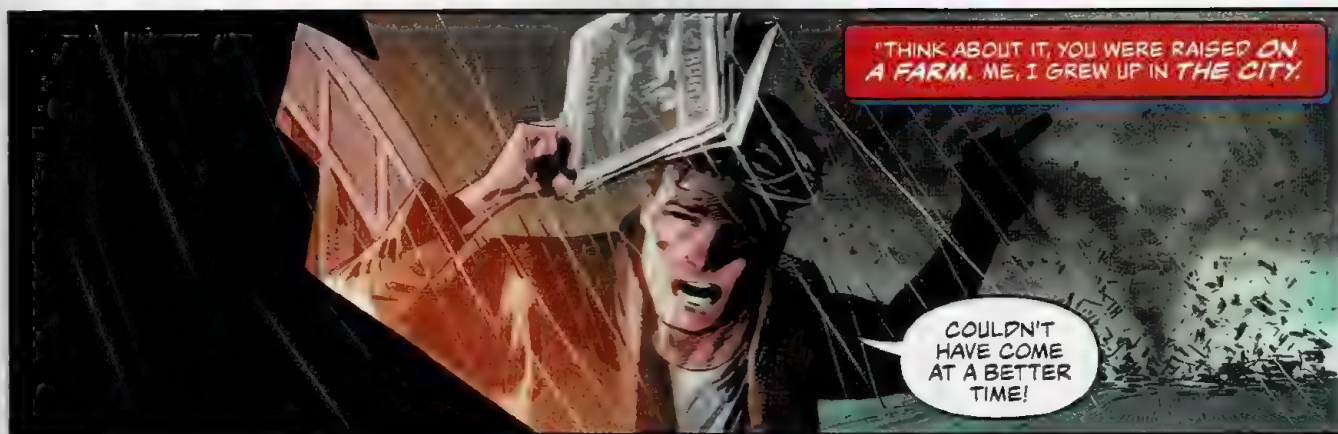
SOMEWHERE
IN KANSAS.

JONATHAN
KENT BEN PARKER

THE BRIDGE

WRITER JEFF LEMIRE ARTIST RAFA SANDOVAL
COLORIST ULISES ARREOLA LETTERER BECCA CAREY





"THINK ABOUT IT, YOU WERE RAISED ON A FARM. ME, I GREW UP IN THE CITY."

COULDN'T HAVE COME AT A BETTER TIME!



"WHILE YOU WERE LEARNING TO DRIVE TRACTORS, I WAS FIGURING OUT THE SUBWAY LINES!"



"SURE, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IT'S NOT WHERE YOU WERE RAISED THAT MATTERS MOST... IT'S WHO YOU WERE RAISED BY"

WAIT! DID YOU HEAR THAT?



"AND THE WAY I SEE IT, WE WERE BOTH RAISED BY HEROES."

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING OVER THIS WIND!

DOWN THERE! I SWEAR I HEARD--



--THERE!

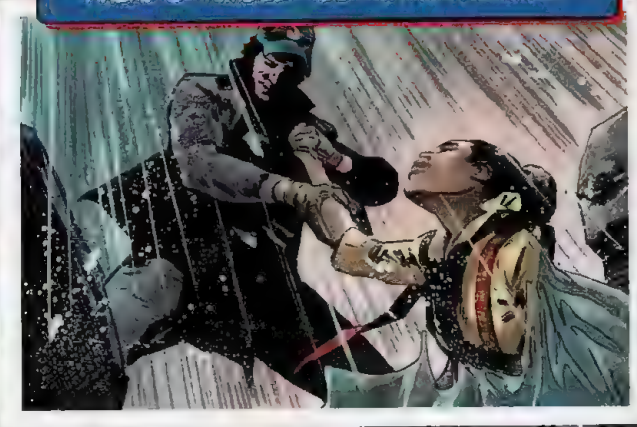


WE
BETTER
HURRY!

"HEROES? I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT. I NEVER REALLY KNEW MY **REAL DAD**, BUT THE MAN WHO RAISED ME--HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST **SELFLESS** GUYS YOU'D EVER MEET."

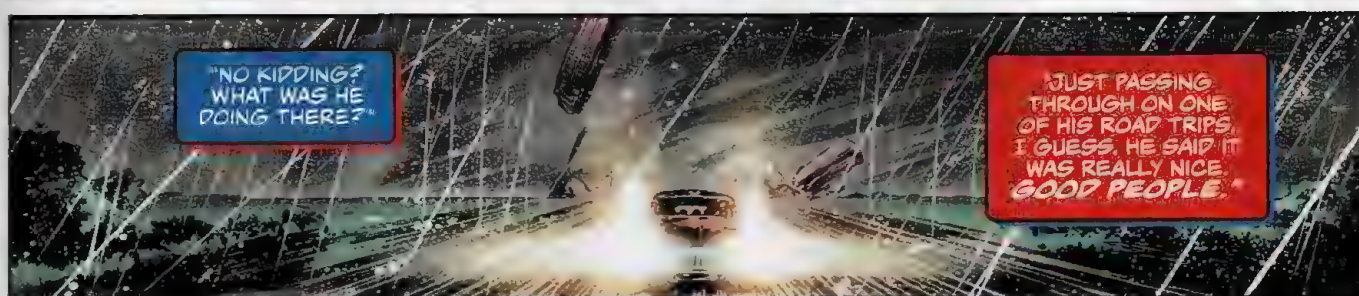


"FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW MY FATHER EITHER. BUT MY **PA**, WELL--HE ALWAYS PUT EVERYONE ELSE AHEAD OF HIMSELF TOO. NO MATTER WHAT."



DON'T BE SCARED.
YOU JUST HOLD MY
HAND AND **FOLLOW**
MY STEPS.

I--I
CAN'T. I
CAN'T
DO IT!

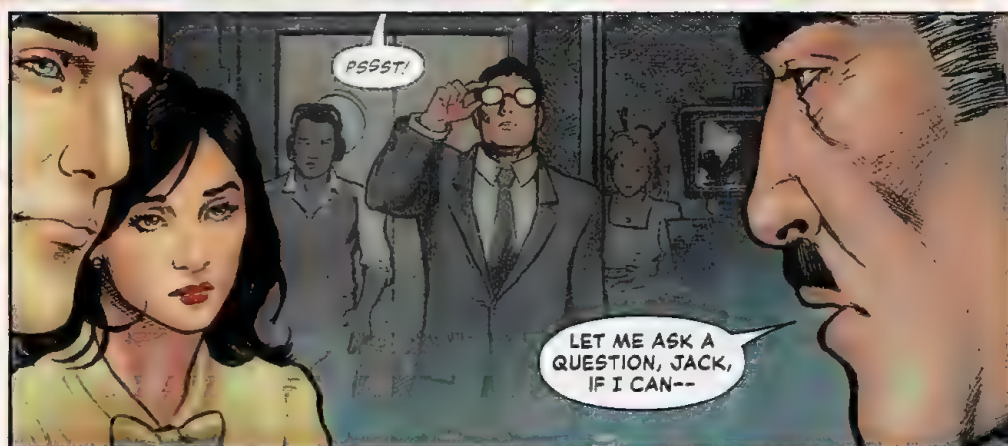
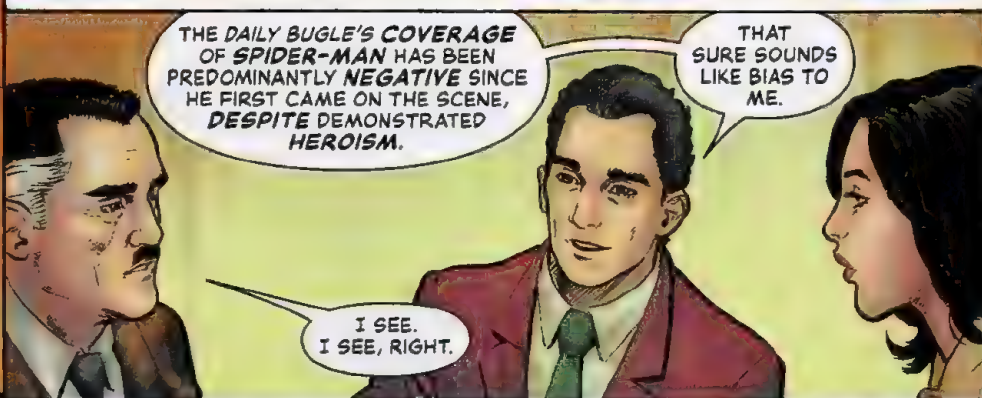
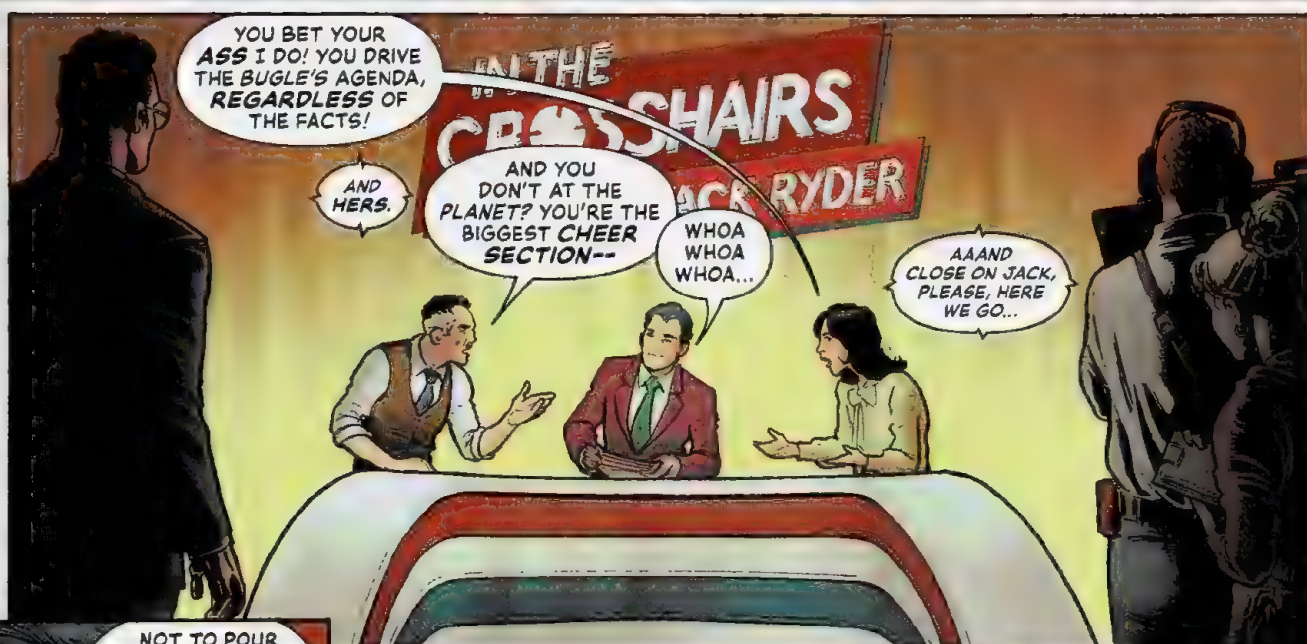




LIKE I SAID,
WE'RE FROM
DIFFERENT
WORLDS.

NOT ALL THAT
DIFFERENT.

THE END



BIAS

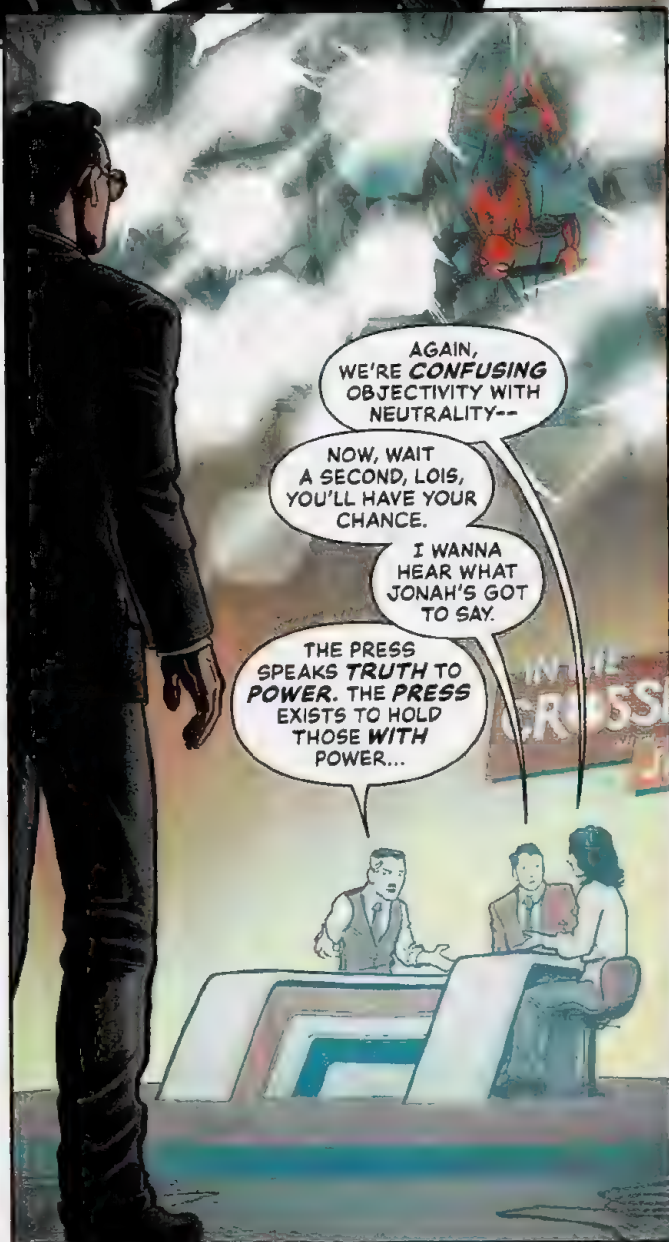
WRITER: GREG RUCKA
ARTIST: NICOLA SCOTT
COLORIST: MARCELO MAIOLO
LETTERER: ARIANA MAHER



--WHAT
PURPOSE DOES
THE PRESS
SERVE?

ARE
WE TO SOLELY
PRESENT FACTS
AND NOTHING
ELSE?

I AM
EATING
THIS UP WITH
A SPOON.



AGAIN,
WE'RE **CONFUSING**
OBJECTIVITY WITH
NEUTRALITY--

NOW, WAIT
A SECOND, LOIS,
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR
CHANCE.

I WANNA
HEAR WHAT
JONAH'S GOT
TO SAY.

THE PRESS
SPEAKS **TRUTH TO**
POWER. THE PRESS
EXISTS TO HOLD
THOSE **WITH**
POWER...

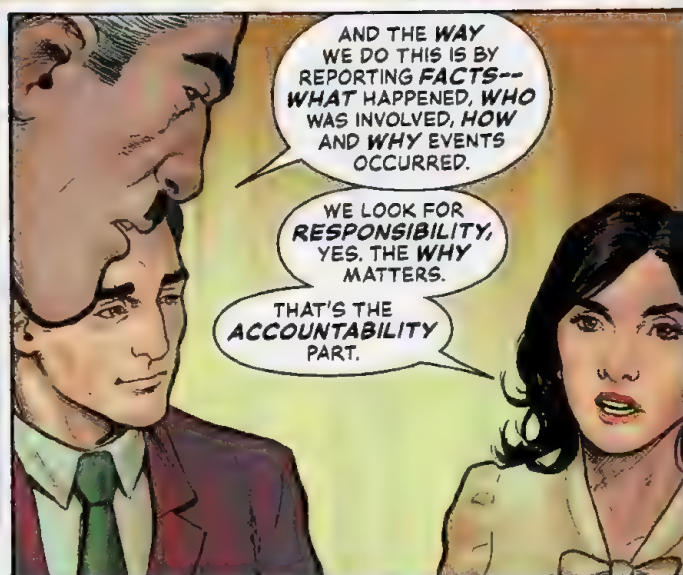


...BE IT
POLITICAL OR
ECONOMIC OR, JUST
AS IMPORTANTLY,
PERSONAL
POWER--

--TO
ACCOUNT.
WOULD YOU
AGREE?



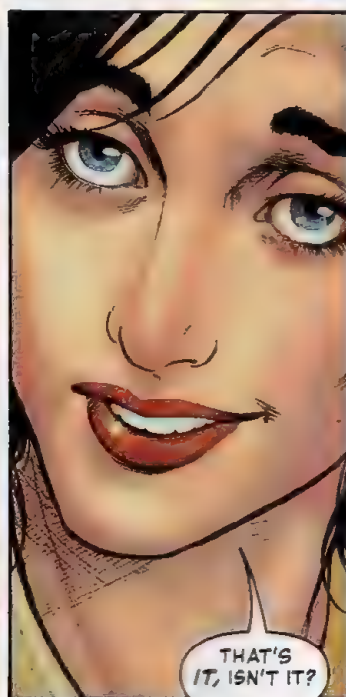
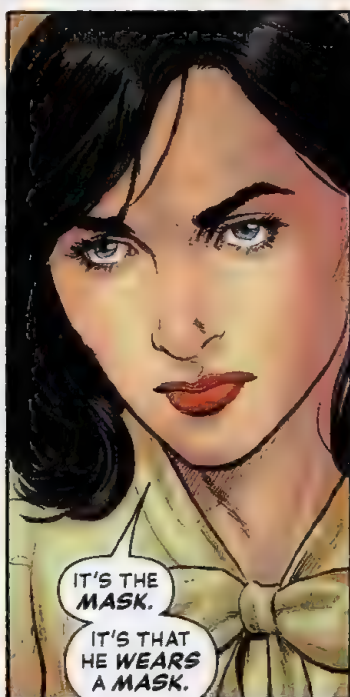
YES.
YES,
I AGREE.



AND THE WAY
WE DO THIS IS BY
REPORTING **FACTS**--
WHAT HAPPENED, WHO
WAS INVOLVED, HOW
AND WHY EVENTS
OCCURRED.

WE LOOK FOR
RESPONSIBILITY,
YES. THE **WHY**
MATTERS.

THAT'S THE
ACCOUNTABILITY
PART.



"--I AM **FOREVER**
GRATEFUL TO THOSE
HEROES NEAR AND
FAR WHOSE **NAMES**
WE KNOW--

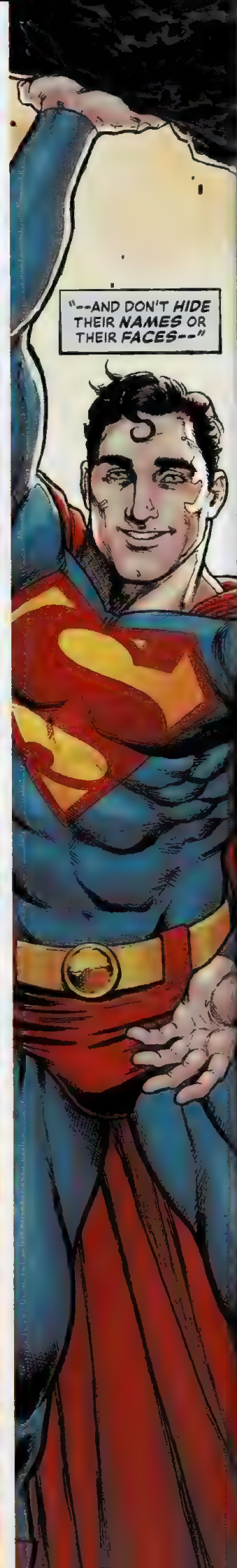
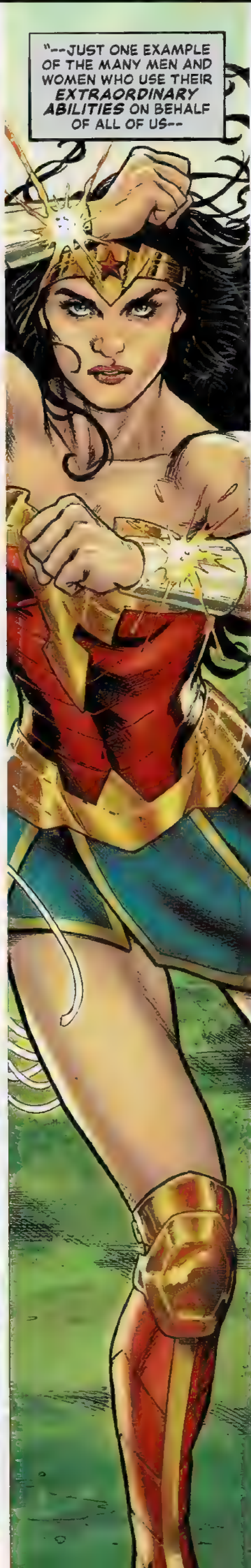
"--THE FANTASTIC FOUR,
RENOWNED THE WORLD
OVER FOR **WHO** THEY
ARE AS MUCH AS
WHAT THEY **DO**--

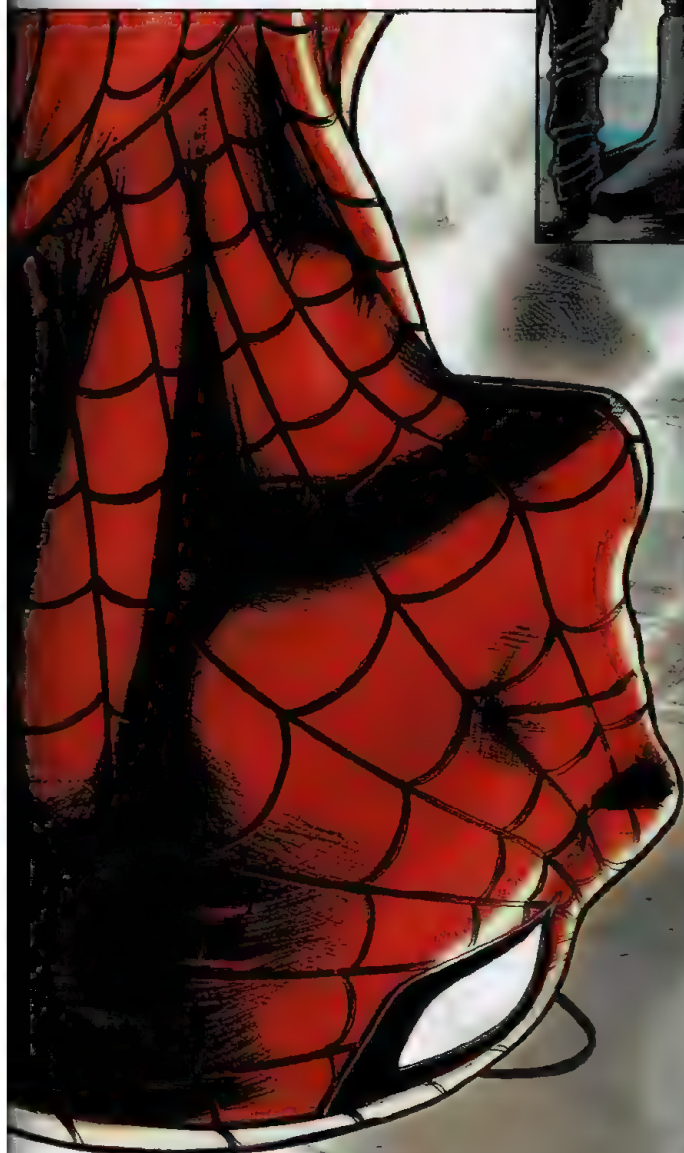
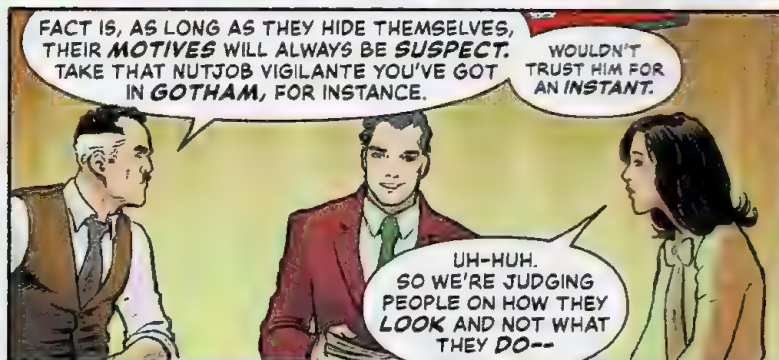
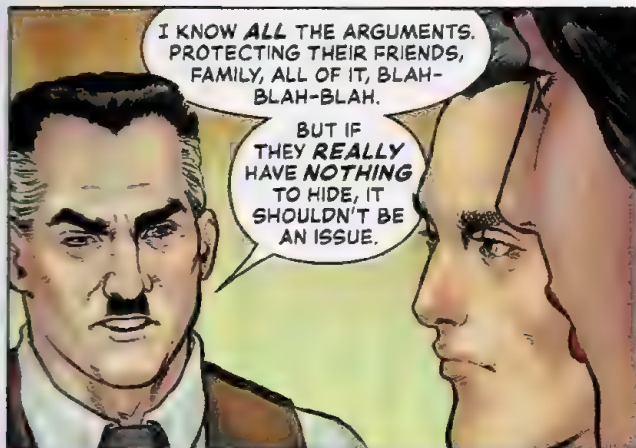
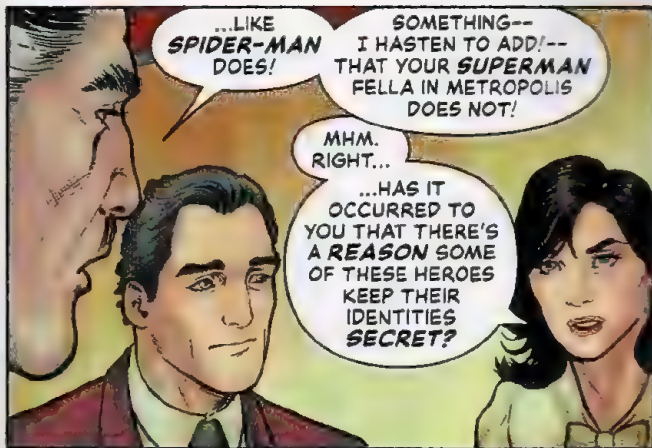
"--JUST ONE EXAMPLE
OF THE MANY MEN AND
WOMEN WHO USE THEIR
EXTRAORDINARY
ABILITIES ON BEHALF
OF ALL OF US--

"--WHO HAVE RISEN
TO **DEFEND** AND
PROTECT ALL OF
HUMANITY WHEN
CONVENTIONAL
MEANS HAVE FAILED--

"--AND DON'T **HIDE**
THEIR **NAMES** OR
THEIR **FACES**--"

"--PEOPLE WHO
STAND FOR **TRUTH**
AND **JUSTICE**--





Punisher's WAR JOURNAL.
Friday, October 16.

It's a club so exclusive,
it doesn't have a sign.
Doesn't even have a NAME.

Some crook put a
five-star chef in a
dump in Suicide Slum.
Took me a MONTH to B.S.
my way into getting
a job here as muscle
for the front door.

See, most of
the clientele?

Deserve
PUNISHING.

And tonight's
the night
they're getting
sent into the
CORNER.

Happy last
MEAL, fellas.

GOT A
RESERVATION,
LADY?

YES.
IT'S A
BLIND DATE.
BELIEVE IT
OR NOT.

THE
WEATHER...
LISTEN, DO
I LOOK ALL
RIGHT?

Karen Starr's
Daily Journal.

I hate this. Dating
ME, dating, for
Rao's sake.

Terra says
I have to
get out or
my ASSETS
will start
rusting.

I've fought
Darkseid.
How am
I nervous?

I'M
A MESS,
I KNOW.

YOU.

HM.

YOU
LOOK FINE,
MISS.

Lord have mercy.

Hmm. Kinda cute for
a grizzled grumpus.

THANK YOU.
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

FRANK.

GUESS I
FORGOT.

YOU
DON'T HAVE
AN UMBRELLA
DURING A
STORM,
FRANK?

TAKE MINE.
I INSIST.

NO, I--

DON'T
MAKE ME
GET PUSHY,
FRANK.

POWER GIRL & THE PUNISHER

IN BLIND DATE

Writer GAIL SIMONE Artist BELÉN ORTEGA
Colorist JORDIE BELLAIRE Letterer LUCAS GATTONI



Huh.

Do I KNOW
some of these
fancy swells?

EXCUSE
ME.

THIS IS
AWKWARD
BUT--



I THINK...
I MEAN...

ARE
YOU MY
DATE?

I'M
PAUL. PAUL
RABIN.

Clock it.
Ponytail,
twelve
o'clock.

Well, this
does not
BODE.



DON'T WORRY,
NO ONE LIKES ME
AT FIRST.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY. I SWEAR,
I'M A NICE
GUY!

WHERE'S
THAT WAITER
WITH THE WINE
LIST?

Huh.
A blind
date.
With
PONYTAIL
boy.

Keep her...THEM...
out of the line
of FIRE.

...JUST HAD
A TOUGH
BREAKUP...

FIRST
TIME ON
A DATING
APP...

QUANTUM
REALITY-
BENDING
IS THE
RIDESHARE
OF THE
FUTURE...

GOSH,
YOU'RE
PRETTY...

YEP.
MM-HMM.
YOU DON'T
SAY. THANKS
LOADS.

In a room full of MERCS and KILLERS.

Gotta get the INNOCENTS out before
they become COLLATERAL DAMAGE.

All things
considered?

I think I'd rather
fight DARKSEID.

HELP.



Okay. Gonna
have to move up
the **TIMELINE**.

FIRE in
the **HOLE**.

LISTEN UP,
SCUM.

YOU TURN
YOURSELF OVER
TO THE COPS?

YOU LIVE.

THERE'S
NO SECOND
CHOICE.



OH MY GOD!

KAREN...?

WHERE'D
YOU GO?



YOU.

YOU TAKE YOUR
DATE AND GET
OUT.

BUT...
ALL I DID WAS
A **FACESPACE**
SEARCH!

I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING!
I'M NOT A
CRIMINAL!



HEY,
FRANK.

I'M
POWER GIRL

NO
MANHANDLING
MY DATE, ALL
RIGHT?

THAT'S
MY JOB,
MAYBE.



I MEAN, THE **PONY**
IS **EGREGIOUS**, GRANTED...
BUT NOT **MURDER** WORTHY,
UNDERSTAND?

SHUT UP?

NOT...
NOT TRYING
TO **MURDER**
HIM.

THEY
ARE!

Y'ALL PICKED
A BAD NIGHT TO
GO CLUBBIN',
FOLKS.

I SWEAR
I THOUGHT
HE WAS A LOT
BIGGER.

LADY, HE'S NOT LYING. PLACE IS
ABOUT TO BE A BLOODBATH.

I'M TRYING
TO GET YOU TWO
OUT.

WELL
WELL
WELL.

INTEL
SAYS THAT'S VANDAL
SAVAGE AND WE'RE HERE
FOR THE BOUNTY.

AND HERE
I THOUGHT
THIS WAS GOING
TO BE A DULL
NIGHT.

AND
NO GUNS,
DOORMAN.

I'M NOT
VANDAL SAVAGE!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHO THAT IS!

I'VE HEARD
OF YOU,
FRANK.

THE
PUNISHER
RIGHT?

FLATTERED.

YOU
WANT YOUR
UMBRELLA
BACK?

KEEP IT.

YOU'LL
CATCH YOUR
DEATH.

SOON...

HEY.
WHERE'D
YOUR DATE
GO?

HE SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT MAYBE
GOING BACK
TO HIS EX.

TURNS
OUT HE PREFERS
REDHEADS. GO
FIGURE.



MY LUCK WITH
DATING. CAN'T
BE HELPED.

YOU SHOULD
TRY THIS, IT'S
DELICIOUS.

I DON'T
DRINK FRUITY
DRINKS.

DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
MISSING.



ANYWAY, THAT
MAKES YOU MY
DATE NOW, YOU
KNOW.

TRUER
THAN YOU
KNOW.

WE'RE
FROM
DIFFERENT
WORLDS,
KID.



HEY. WHAT MAKES
YOU SUCH A PRICKLY
PEAR, ANYWAY?

I LOST
MY FAMILY.



WHAT?

NOTHING.
JUST...THAT'D
BE A REAL
CRIME.

SNERK!

YOU KNOW,
WHEN YOU GRIN, IT
LOOKS LIKE IT PAINS
YOU PRETTY
GOOD.



SO DO WE SHAKE
HANDS AND SAY
GOOD NIGHT?

OR DO WE CONTINUE
OUR LITTLE CROSSOVER
SOMEWHERE MORE
PRIVATE?

YOUR
CALL, BIG
GUY.



WHERE
DID YOU HAVE
IN MIND?

I KNOW THIS
GREAT PLACE IN
MONGOLIA.



WAR JOURNAL:

I won't lie.

She makes a
good PITCH.

END.